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Dr A H Strickler
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Poetry.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet,

O, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart,
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O, use me, Lord; use even me,
Just as Thou wilt; and when and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Communications.

For the Messenger,
THE JOY OF WORKING IN CHRIST'S
VINEYARD.

To devote all our time and bodily strength, houses and lands, and the profits of business to Jesus Christ is no burden. The man to whom Jesus Christ is the chief joy of his soul, will desire after this manner to labor for Him. Does a loving wife think it a hard task, that forsaking all others, she is bound first and always to minister to the happiness of her husband? Is it a burden to a mother that her mind is occupied day and night with the care and Christian training of her children? We all know that such devotion to her family is the joy of a woman's heart. If for any cause she is unable to meet the wants of her household, this hinderance is for her a heavy burden. When she cannot train her children, or cannot watch day and night by the sick-bed of her husband, this inability is hard to bear. The severest task is that for them she can do nothing. The more she can do when they need her presence and service, the happier she feels; and her happiness increases in the degree, that forgetting herself she can labor much for them.

A true Christian loves the Lord Jesus Christ more than any other object, more than father or mother, wife or children; more than other men love silver and gold, honor or pleasure. Certainly if a church member loves gold more than

God, or the worldly prosperity of his family more than Christ's kingdom, his Christian profession is a shell rather than a living kernel. He resembles a wife whose heart turns away from her husband. For such a church member it is indeed very hard to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. His pleasure comes from toiling to gain this perishing world. But for a church member who has been moved by the love of Christ to set himself apart to Christ's kingdom, as really as a true hearted wife is devoted to the honor of her husband, the pursuit of a secular calling exclusively for the purpose of promoting this kingdom is an uplifting joy. Thus to labor in the spiritual vineyard is his meat and drink. Pain he feels when he can not labor; when for any cause he can not follow a trade or a profession, or does not succeed in business so that he has no larger gains to lay on the altar of the gospel. Other men are depressed because they fail in their plans to amass wealth; but he is depressed when he has small gains to bring as an offering to his Lord. Other men think it hard when for some reason they give a little money to the church, as they prefer to keep it for themselves; but a true-hearted church member feels oppressed because he desires to do tenfold more than he can, and would take delight in giving tenfold more than he has.

There are many ways in which a Christian may labor in Christ's vineyard. Now, however, we shall speak of one only. Pursuing a secular calling, not for himself, but as a trustee and agent of Him who is Head over all things, he can do much for the kingdom of grace by consecrating to spiritual ends the income of his capital and the profits of business.

It is not our design to dictate to laymen as regards the proportion of their property which from year to year they should lay on the altar. They are the sole judges. One man may be moved to give ten per cent. or five per cent. of his profits, or less than that; another may feel constrained to give annually his whole income, beyond necessary expenses. That is a matter to be settled by himself. As regards definite sums, the church prescribes nothing.

We are merely teaching and enforcing the principle of Christian conduct in secular matters. Certainly the principle is sound and scriptural. There is no room for doubt or question. Throughout the New Testament the doctrine is everywhere enforced. Just as the Lord Jesus gave Himself an offering for us, so we are to give ourselves, body and soul, an offering to the Lord Jesus. Says St. Paul: "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead, and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."

Let every layman accept this New Testament doctrine heartily, and make it the law of His plans and labors in business. Let the farmer, banker, merchant, artisan, physician, lawyer, and minister, believe and feel that he is a trustee of the Lord's earthly gifts, and an agent to do work, not according to his own impulses or notions, but according to the command of his Lord. This is the first and chief thing. Take upon you Christ's yoke in secular matters, and learn of Him with what motive and aim to manage your affairs; these minor questions can readily be answered. You will have no difficulty to decide how much you ought to give week by week; and your pastor need have no concern. If you carry on your business cheerfully in the service of Christ just as faithful tired laborers work for the owner of a vineyard, there is little danger that you will err. Governed by this spirit your judgment and conscience will be a safe guide. You will never ask what is the smallest sum I ought to give, but what is the largest offering that I can make. Nor will you feel any chagrin that you have done more than your neighbor who is richer than yourself, but you will rejoice that you have a heart and means to make large offerings.

Let pastors judiciously teach and illustrate this New Testament doctrine. Let our people make it the supreme law for themselves. Free-will offerings will then

multiply tenfold within a year. Deeper spirituality and greater heavenly-mindedness will prevail; and earthly prosperity will reward the industries of our membership.

E. V. G.

For The Messenger. TEMPERANCE IN CONNECTION WITH CHRISTIAN WORK.

Sometime ago, the Tocicon Classis composed of ministers of the Reformed church, adopted the following resolution, and requested the ministers composing the Classis to preach a sermon in accordance with the resolution.

Resolved, That our people be urgently requested not to sign their names to petitions for license, for the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; that they do not appear before the courts in testimony, that such applications are necessary for the accommodation of the public; and they do not pledge their property as bondsmen in its support.

Recently, July 16th, Rev. J. C. Leinbach of the Riegelsville Reformed church, preached a very able and appropriate sermon on the above subject. His text, Haggai 2d chapter, 8th verse, was eloquently delineated and applied. He insisted that it is the sacred duty of pastors to declare the whole counsel of God and not to keep anything back. That the gospel standard must be raised, and to which we must endeavor to bring our people. Therefore, whosoever is concerned to promote the growth of grace, should encourage all attempts in that direction; especially to stay this hydra headed evil intemperance. He then illustrated by facts and figures, the immense sums squandered, by allowing this great evil to carry on the nefarious business, countenanced and even upheld by church members. To establish his arguments he produced the following statistics: Productive industries of the United States, \$7,009,313,989; liquor bill, \$,483,491,865, or more than one-fifth of the annual income of the United States, from agriculture and manufacture; total wages of the laboring classes, \$1,163,784,000, showing an immense deficit compared to the liquor bill. Food production of the United States cost \$60,365,571. Liquor bill costs 21 times more than to feed the nation.

The sum expended for liquor annually, would buy in round numbers 20,000,000 barrels of flour, or four barrels to every man, woman and child.

Religion has 63,082 temples, 83,037 ministers. The devil 242,982 temples, 2,505,000 priests, or 4 groggeries to every church, and six bartenders to every minister.

Stupendous facts! Pastors should scan carefully the list of signers of their immediate vicinity, and carefully expostulate with such as uphold this business. The Christian church has too long furnished the props for rum traffic. Let Satan and his host help themselves. The sermon, of which this is a short synopsis, was replete with sound sense, and if Christian ministers would exert themselves in this direction, immense good would result to the mass of mankind, and religion would receive a new impetus.

C. L.

For The Messenger. THE PROGRESS OF THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

Dr. L. H. STEINER:—Dear Brother:—I propose, with the permission of the editor of the MESSENGER, to address you in several "open letters," on matters connected with the Peace Movement. The object is, so far as it is in my power, to help this movement, and not without hope, that in some of the views at which I have arrived, I may meet with your concurrence; and may possibly even elicit from you some expression of your thoughts, whether of assent or dissent, if you shall find time so to do.

We have both been, and still are, members of the Peace Commission, and as members of the sub-committee having the preparation of the "liturgy" in charge, we know how carefully, conscientiously and industriously, that committee has been at work. We know what progress has been made. We have good hopes of a successful completion of the work by the time of the assembling of the next General Synod. If

I am not mistaken, we have come to see, that although we approached that "vexed question" from opposite poles, yet there is a middle ground on which we can cordially meet. Let us hope that all sides, without any yielding of principle, may also eventually be able to meet on, and stand on such middle ground. So that we may now be enabled to unite all our strength and energy and zeal on those branches of church work, those deeds of Christian charity, that are opening so auspiciously before the church East and West.

It is over a year since the *doctrinal basis* of the Peace Movement was unanimously adopted by the General Synod of Tiffin. That action was not of the kind we so often see in the case of Synods and classes, where by the urging of an influential man, or set of men, a resolve is made only to stand as a sort of dead letter. But it seems to have been the act of the *heart of the Church*; a true interpretation and expression of its mind and resolve. It has been ratified throughout the Church every month since, not in words only, but in deeds. We are already a long way on the road to a practical peace and union. We see evidences of this on every side.

It is now less than two years until General Synod meets again, to settle the details, especially of the delicate liturgical matters. On this settlement, as all must see, a great deal depends. The great problem before us, is, can we lay before General Synod such a work as will be welcomed almost universally by the Church, as a settlement, for the present time, at least, of the long liturgical discussion? We should aim at no less than that. The *doctrinal discussion* is settled. True, it may be infringed upon, here and there, occasionally, but the position of the Church as such is settled. The Church has solemnly resolved to stand firm on its old basis, "the doctrines of the Heidelberg Catechism in their historical sense." But in liturgical details we have not yet reached such settled ground. We are reaching out after the same. Shall we be able to get our ship into the wished for haven?

Of course, the views of all persons and parties, in respect to these liturgical details, cannot be fully met. Of course, another sub committee might have reached a somewhat different result from that which our committee will reach. Possibly a better one. Of one thing I feel quite sure, that the church will be able to agree provided we can come to see that we ought not to give up our *liturgical freedom*, as we have enjoyed it in the past, and that we ought to aim at unity rather than uniformity. I believe it will be for the best interests of our Church in the future, rather to enlarge than to compress or suppress their freedom. This point will be taken up in another letter. Very truly yours,

J. H. G.

Settlements.

BELIEF IN GOD.

President Porter, of Yale College, in his last Baccalaureate said:

Unbelief dwarfs and lowers the individual man so far as it cuts him off from God. It lowers and limits his intellect. Our intellectual solutions of the problems of the universe carry us to the comprehensive intellect of the living God. Every discovery of a cause or a force suggests a more comprehensive force behind, who is surely none the less a force because he is intelligent. Every discernment of law points to a broader and deeper rule or construction of laws beneath. Every indication of purpose opens to wider adaptation, such as wisdom and goodness best explain. Every chain of development brings out in more luminous relief prophecy passing into history and history explained by prophecy, and binding us by a golden chain to the throne of the living God. Do you say that a self-existent person is a mystery that logic and science cannot fathom, and, therefore, cannot accept? We reply that it is no more a mystery than the dependent intelligence which seeks to fathom the living God, whom faith projects upon the background of the universe; is no more really an enigma than the living men whom science cannot fail to find in the foreground,

because they do the work of science. The man that never has more thought of this, or that thinking of it does not accept it as true, has narrowed his mind—whether his unbelief is that of a stolid earthworm or the quick and large-minded intelligence who, in the multitude of his works and ways, has no thoughts of God."

After quoting Lord Bacon's remark that "they that destroy God, destroy man's nobility," President Porter proceeded:

"Faith in God justifies self-respect and defense of one's individual rights. In the godless theory of the universe men are momentary products of nature's loom, woven and unravelled as they make up the progressive woof of human history after the pattern of slowly perfected humanity. The individual is nothing; humanity is everything. One soul comes and another goes, each made by its place and for its place; and both endure for a moment and are gone. Before the relentless march of this advancing horde the single soul is trampled into annihilation or forgetfulness. From the crest of this foaming sea myriads of drops are for an instant whirled into life, wrought into forms of beauty, and then whelmed into the cruel waves. Human rights and joys, human affections and hopes, human responsibilities and fears—are but the flying foam on their restless waves that with accelerated speed hurry them toward the ocean. It is easy to see how, under the influence of such a theory, man becomes reckless of himself and unfeeling toward his fellows. Denying his own dignity in the sight of God, he denies love and justice to his fellow man. The materialistic atheism of ancient and modern schools, from the loftiness of its isolated position and under the hazy light of its broad generalizations, dismisses all consideration of individual rights and individual well-being under the contemptuous appellation of sentimental considerations. But the moment a man sees himself in the light of the living God he finds reflected from that light the bright radiance of an individual importance and separate sphere of duty and right to himself and his fellow men. Human history tells a uniform story."

WHAT MAKES A STANDPOINT.

Thus after all, it is not so much the material height of an elevation, but what you see from it which gives to it its sublimity. Many years ago a young student, now in heaven—having left on earth a beloved and eminent name—found himself in Germany with a letter of introduction to the illustrious Professor Tholuck, under whom he was going to study. Arrived at the Professor's house, he found that he was out, but in the *Friedhof*—the Court of Peace—as they call what we, in England, name the graveyard, where he was conducting a funeral. Thither the young man followed him with his letter, and as he drew near to the grave, the very first words he heard the great sage utter were very singular in their beauty, loveliness, and revealing light: "The grave, my friends," he said, "is a very small hillock, but we can see farther from it, when standing on it, than from the highest mountain in all the world!" Something like George Gilfillan's pretty, and yet great, saying, "Of all earth's glasses, there is no telescope like a tear!" So that we do not know that it is necessary to make the acquaintance of the very highest mountains in order that we may become aware of the deepest lessons and suggestions which mountains can give; lost among the South Downs, we have sometimes felt emotions akin to those we have experienced in the Engadine. Well says Thomas Carlyle, "What the eye can see, but cannot see over, is as good as infinite to it;" and have we not seen just now how the gently-rising hillock of a grave may be, indeed, as a window of the Great King?

"Looking unto Jesus" imparts strength and joy to the soul, but looking unto self is a forlorn hope, and never carries us a step further on the right way. Try the great remedy, Christ and sufficiency, and so look up for help, that the habit will be upward, and not groveling in the weakness of self-sufficiency.

Family Reading.

BY THE STREAM.

Sweet tangled banks, where ox-eyed daisies grow
And scarlet poppies gleam,

Sweet changing lights, that ever come and go
Upon the quiet stream!

Once more I see the splendid flash of wings,
As dragon flies fly by;

Once more for me the small sedge-warbler
sings

Beneath a sapphire sky.

Once more I feel the simple, fresh content

I found in stream and soil
When golden summers slowly came and went,

And mine was all their spoil.

I find amid the honeysuckle flowers,

And shy forget-me-not,

Old boyish memories of lonely hours

Passed in this silent spot.

O God of nature, how Thy kin' dness keeps

Some changeless things on earth!

And he who roams far off and toils and weeps,

Comes home to learn their worth.

Gay visions vanish, worldly schemes may fail,

Hope proves an idle dream,

But still the blossoms flourish, red and pale

Beside my native stream.

—The Sunday Magazine.

A COUNTRY WEEK.

BY DOROTHY REDWOOD.

A poor-looking room in one of the wretched tenement houses of the great city, a room so bare and cheerless that even the June sun, which poured its full glory through the open casement of its one window, only served to bring out its poverty in stronger lines.

What could this dull street and poor room know of the loveliness of June days? What could that curly head, tossing about feverishly on its hot pillow, know of country meadows, where red strawberries were to be found among the short grass; of trees from which endless whips could be made; of brooks, where one might wade up to the knees in water clear as crystal; or of cherry trees, that only needed to be climbed in order to yield up their rich store of ripe fruit?

Of all this beauty and gladness, poor little Carl could not even dream, as he turned from side to side, wondering why sick boys' mothers had to go out to wash on Monday mornings although they wanted them at home so badly, and when the pain in his side would go away altogether, and when Lisa would be through washing their few breakfast-dishes, and "last, but not least," when Dr. Grey would come; for, among the few bright spots in Carl's day, the good physician's visit stood foremost.

A quick knock at the door, just as Carl had come to the end of his wondering, and as Lisa, perched upon a cricket, plunged the last dish into the pan of warm water on the table. The door opened before the children had time to say "Come in," and the lady who stood in the doorway paused a moment to take in the picture. The room, with all its bareness and poverty, was clean and neat; in one corner, upon his little bed, lay Carl, his blue eyes looking their surprise as they met those of the stranger, while Lisa still stood by the table, dish in hand, a quaint figure in her faded calico dress, with a small shawl crossed over her breast and tied in a knot at the back. Lisa always put on her little shawl when she was especially busy; it gave her a housewifely and motherly feeling; and Carl loved every black and red check on it, for the breast that it covered was a soft resting-place for his head when the pain in his side grew so bad that nothing would help it but petting.

Dear little womanly Lisa was so surprised that she, for once, forgot her good manners, and stood staring at the young lady in the doorway, instead of asking her to step in, until Dr. Grey's voice brought her back to her duties, by saying, "Come down from your perch, Lisa, and welcome your visitors;" at which she jumped down, blushing all over her face, dropped a courtesy, and dusting off a chair, as she had seen her mother do, asked the lady to walk in and be seated. By this time Lisa saw that the visitor was not only very beautiful to look at, but that she had a kind smile on her lovely face, and that her arms were full of flowers.

"And how is my little man to-day?" asked the doctor, taking Carl's small hand in his. "And what do these flowers make him think of?"—holding a great bunch of daisies before the boy. "Of the country, eh?"

"I don't know what country looks like, sir," said Carl. "I was ever so little when I was there, and I can't think what it's like."

"Do you hear that, Miss Grace? Here is a boy who does not know what the country looks like. Is not that enough to touch harder hearts than those of the ladies of your society?"

"Poor boy!" said Miss Grace, with tears in her eyes. "I hope he will not be able to say that next summer."

"But I know," said Lisa. "I'm three years older than Carl, and when father was here, he used to take us to the park, sometimes. Carl was only a baby then; he sat on father's knee, while I ran and picked flowers in the grass, like these, only not so pretty."

"Would you like to go to the country now?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am; but mother's too tired to

take us after she's been working all day, and, when she has no work, she feels bad, because we haven't much to eat then."

"I don't mean to the park, my child; I mean to the real country,—miles away from the hot city,—to a farm-house, where you may stay a whole week."

"I'd rather have Carl go," said Lisa, her face flushing with delight. "He's so very sick and thin. He might get strong in the country."

"Yes, but Carl would not be happy without his little nurse," said Dr. Grey.

"No," said Lisa, seriously, "I'm afraid he couldn't get along without mother or me."

"You shall go, too," said Miss Grace, "we would not separate you and Carl. I only wish we could send your mother too."

"Charity has not yet reached the point of taking care of the mothers," said the doctor, turning to Miss Grace, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I find, however, that it often makes mothers well to see their children happy."

After the two visitors had left, there was much talking done in that little room, which was made so gay with the young lady's flowers, that, when the tired mother came home from her work, she cried out as she opened the door, "What is it, my children? Is it a birthday?"

I forgot to tell you that Miss Grace had left some biscuits and fruit on the table, which made their supper look like a feast to these poor people.

"No, mother, it's not a birthday; it's better than any birthday I can remember since father went away."

"Yes," said Carl, raising his curly head from the pillow; "I'm going to the country, mother; isn't that good news?"

"To the country!" exclaimed Mrs. Schneider, lifting up her hands in wonder. "Lisa, has the boy lost his senses?"

"No, mother, it's all true. A beautiful lady came with the doctor this morning; she brought us all these flowers and good things, and she says she will send us to the country for a whole week."

"Some rich ladies give money to send sick children, like me, to the country," explained Carl, with such a grave, sweet look in his pale little face that his mother fairly broke down, and, taking the child in her arms, rocked him to and fro, saying, between her sobs, "Soh, soh, my little one will get strong dere. Soh, and you too, Lisa."

"Yes, both of us, so the lady said. I wish you were going too, mother."

"What matters it, if my boy gets strong once more?" said the good woman, a smile breaking over her broad German face. "But are you quite sure, Lisa, that it's all true?"

"Quite sure, mother. The lady said we were to go as soon as Carl is well enough; and Dr. Grey stood by all the time, and nodded his head, and looked so pleased."

"Soh! Dr. Grey is one good man."

"I've been looking over our clothes, all afternoon," said the little housewife, "and they are very bad. Carl's hat's too small for him,"—trying at the same time to squeeze the hat over Carl's thick mop of curls, until they both laughed aloud.

It was a long time since such merry laughter had been heard in that room, and the mother laughed to see her children happy, while she tried to plan some means of getting them clad and shod and hatted for their trip. Long after the two young heads were fast asleep on their pillows, the poor mother turned over this question in her mind; but before she started off to her work the next morning, a servant in livery came with an answer to it, in the form of a note from Miss Grace, in which she said that, if Mrs. Schneider would send her their measures, she would have a suit of clothes made for each child.

"And, mother, just listen," cried Lisa, who, having been to school, was able to read the note. "She says that she has made—what is that big word?—arrangements—yes, that's it, arrangements with the ladies to have you go too."

Sweet Miss Grace did not explain that the "arrangement" she had made was to do without an elegant dress that had pleased her fancy the day before. She kept the little secret to herself, and nobody called her a charitable young lady; but I am sure that she enjoyed her summer at Newport and the Catskills with a happier heart because she paused, in the midst of her innocent gaiety, to give "a cup of cold water" to those little ones in the name of Him who loved them. The blessings of an overworked mother and two children followed Miss Grace wherever she went that summer, and night and morning two young voices lisped her name when they said their simple prayers to the good Father above.

One week later, a gay little party set forth from Mrs. Schneider's room. Any one might have thought that they were starting for Europe, from the number of bags and bundles they carried, for Mrs. Schneider seemed to think that going into the country was very much like setting out for the north pole, and so provided herself with all the warm clothes she could find for Carl. Lisa was almost lost in a heap of bundles; her smiling face alone peeped forth to cheer up the sick boy, who did not much fancy being carried in his mother's arms like a baby.

"Never mind, Carl," said she; "you will walk and run when you get to the country, and climb up trees too."

At the station, where they met a group of children bound for the same neighborhood, and in the cars, all was so new and interesting that Carl and Lisa could not find time to speak, but looked and looked at all the strange things that flew past them,—the green grass and trees, and the snug farm-houses, the cows in the fields,—and

then up into their mother's face to see what she thought of it all. So busy were they with the new sights around them, that they did not know that they were hungry, until the lady who had charge of the party reminded them of it by passing around sandwiches and gingerbread. How good they tasted! Carl thought he had never tasted anything half so good. It pleased his mother so much to see him eat, with a good appetite, that she forgot her own luncheon, and kept saying to Lisa, "He looks fatter already. He will soon be quite well once more."

Arrived at the way station, the lady in charge marshalled out her little troop, and gave them over into the hands of those who were waiting for them.

"Let me see, Mrs. Schneider," she said; "you are to go with Farmer Brown. Here he is with his wagon to drive you over. Take good care of them, Mr. Brown, especially of the little sick boy."

"Ay, ay, that I will, and my good woman too! He's not much bigger 'n a Jersey mosquito now," said Farmer Brown, laughing all over his jolly, fat face; "but you'll see a different-looking boy one week from to-day,"—with which he picked Carl up and carried him to the wagon as gently as his mother would have carried him.

It would take all the space given up to the children in this paper, and more too, if I were to tell you of the many pleasant things that happened in this one week; but you have been to the country, and know what girls and boys love to do there. All these things Carl and Lisa did, besides which there were some farmer's children on the next place, who came over to see the little city children, and showed them where to find the best berries in the meadow lot, and took them to the deep pools in the streams where the fish were sure to bite.

How quickly the days of that golden week passed away! One evening, when it was drawing to a close, Mrs. Schneider and Carl and Lisa sat in the meadow, watching the last load of hay go into the barn. They had been counting over the days, and found that only two were left, when Mrs. Brown appeared, cake turner in hand.

"I've just been a turnin' things over in my mind," she said, as she drew near, "while I've been a mixin' up my batter cakes; and it seems to me, Mis' Schneider, that it's a great pity to take them two children back to the city this hot spell. If you kin fix it between you to stay another week, it 'ud make no difference to me, nor to him neither. There's the room, you can't eat that, and what you do eat ain't no odds to me; besides, you and Lisa's a sight o' help to me now in harvest times, and my man's taken a powerful shine to the little fellow."

"Another week!" cried Carl, turning a somerset on the grass, for he had learned to turn somersets like well boys. "Hurrah, what fun! Do let us stay, mother."

Another week for Lisa among the flowers that she loved so well, of helping Mrs. Brown to pick berries in the meadow, and to make butter in the great cool dairy. Another week for the delicate boy among the country sights and sports, another week of going for the cows in the evening, and of driving them home through shady lanes to the milking-place, of hay-making among the sweet-smelling hay, and, above all, of long drives in Farmer Brown's wagon.

It seemed to good to be true. Carl thought of turning another somerset, but instead crept close to Mrs. Brown's side, and patting her fat rough hand with his small thin one, said, "You don't mind having us stay,—do you, Mrs. Brown?"

"Blessing on the child!" said the good woman, brushing aside a tear. "Law me, no! I'm glad enough to have you, and it'll do you all a sight of good to stay another week. I don't know as we kin let this boy go then."

So it was settled that the one week of happiness should be stretched out into two; and when the little party finally left the farm-house, their baggage was increased by a great hamper of good things that the farmer's wife had packed up for them. She took Carl and Lisa both into her arms, and made them promise that they would come to see her the next summer, while Farmer Brown stood by, blowing his nose violently, and telling them that trains wouldn't wait for last words.—*S. S. Times.*

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with sweetness, and light and love, and life; filling the air with odors, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live, soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fulness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power—Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption—Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the Church, as they sing going up the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God: Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret Thy own name, and Thou hast done it by Thy works on earth, and Thy glory at the right hand of the Father.—*Dr. Bethune.*

HINTS TO POOR SLEEPERS.

A physician gives several hints for poor sleepers, some of which may be found beneficial. It is frequently advantageous to raise the head of the bed a foot higher than the foot, and then to sleep on tolerably thick hair pillow, so as to bring the head a little higher than the shoulders. The object is to make the work of the heart in throwing the blood to the brain harder, so it will not throw so much. A level bed, with the head almost as low as the feet causes an easy flow of blood to the brain, and prevents sleep. Persons who find themselves restless and unable to sleep at night, would do well to place the head towards the north, as it is undoubtedly greatly conducive to health. A hot mustard foot bath, taken at bedtime, is beneficial in drawing the blood from the head, and thus inducing sleep. Sponge the entire length of the spine with hot water for ten or fifteen minutes before retiring. This will often insure a good night's sleep. A hearty meal and a seat near a warm fire after a long walk in the cold, will induce deep sleep in the majority of persons, no matter how lightly they ordinarily slumber. Active outdoor exercise and avoidance of excessive and long continued mental exertion, are necessary in all cases of sleeplessness. Where these means fail, such remedies as are known to diminish the amount of blood in the head, should be resorted to—of course under the direction of a competent physician. Opium, chloral, etc., increase the quantity of blood in the head, and are highly injurious. Their use should never be resorted to.

THE MISSION OF THE FLOWERS.

BY DAVID HOWIE.

Hail! lovely visitants, that yearly bring
Edenic breathings of enchanted air;
That yearly strew the green paths of the
spring.
And radiant summer wreath with garlands
rare.
Hillside and hollow, wa'side, wood, and plain,
Blessing, they come and go, and come again.
Dear as the light, their dush of childhood joys!
Companions of our youth's unclouded day,
What fragrances of love-sweet memories
Around them cling! And when they droop
away,
What lingering scents their withered blooms
retain
Of flowers that fade but once—nor come again!
Theirs, to the homes made dark by sorrow's
blight,
A ministry of love and cheerfulness,
Speaking of peace and hope—sweet thoughts
and bright—
To silent suffering and lone distress;
Theirs to bedew the dust we cannot save,
And then to hallow the beloved one's grave!
Ah! ye to whom—pent up in dreary town—
The fields and groves are but a fairy tale—
To whom comes not the balm of breezes blown
From heather hill, or blossom-breathing
vale:
The gift of flowers, from loving, tender hands,
Charms like a glimpse of green 'mid desert
sands.
Come on your angel-mission, lovely flowers,
Athwart the world broadcast! The wil-
derness
Make glad! 'Neath happy suns and genial
showers
Come with sweet power to beautify and
bless
The path of man; his spirit to illumine
With light of Grace—flower of celestial bloom!

—Chambers'.

SUDDEN WHITE HAIR.

Sorrow, not time, frosted the bright tresses of Mary Stuart and Marie-Antoinette; and theirs were not the only queenly heads that have been permanently whitened by care and anxiety. While Hanover was waging an unequal contest with Prussia, a lady in attendance upon the consort of the brave blind king, wrote thus of her royal mistress: "In the last two months her hair has grown quite gray, I may say white. Four months since one could scarcely discern a gray hair; now I can hardly see a dark one." A similar change has often taken place in the course of a single night. One of the witnesses in the Tichborne case deposed that the night after hearing of his father's death, he dreamed he saw him killed before his eyes, and found, on awaking, that his hair had turned quite white. An old man with snow-white hair said to Dr. Moreau: "My hair was as white, as you see it now, long before I had grown old. Grief and despair at the loss of a tenderly-loved wife whitened my locks in a single night when I was not thirty years of age. Judge, then, of the force of my sufferings." His white hairs brought no such recompense with them as happened in the instance of the gay gallant who had the hardihood to hold a love-tryst in the palace grounds of the King of Spain. Betrayed by the barking of an unsympathetic hound, the telling of the old, old story was interrupted by the appearance of the king's guard. The scared dame was allowed to depart unchallenged; but her lover was held captive to answer his offence. Love-making under the shadow of the royal palace was a capital crime; and so overwhelmed with horror at the idea of losing his head for following the promptings of his heart was the rash worder, that before the sun rose his hair had turned quite gray. This being told King Ferdinand, he pardoned the offender, thinking he was sufficiently punished.

CHERRY PUDDING.—A delicious cherry-pudding is made in this way: Make a crust as for baking-powder biscuit; roll it out till it is about two-thirds of an inch thick. Stew enough cherries so that when they are spread on the crust they will cover it and be deep enough to make a good layer of fruit; roll the crust up thin, taking care to keep the cherries from falling off. Wrap a cloth around it; sew it loosely with a coarse thread, which is easily pulled out. Allow plenty of room for the crust to rise. Lay this on a plate and set it in a steamer. Steam it for

Miscellanous.

WAVE AFTER WAVE.

By SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Out of the bosom of the sea,
From dim, rich coasts eye may not see,
By vast and urging forces blent,
Untired, untiring and unspent,
The glad waves speed them one by one;
And, goal attained and errand done,
They lap the sands and softly lave—
Wave after wave, wave after wave.

As stirred by longing for repose
Higher and higher each wave goes,
Striving to clasp with foam-white hands
The yielding and eluding sands;
And still the sea, relentless, grim,
Calls his wild truants back to him;
Recalls the liberty he gave
Wave after wave, wave after wave.

All sad at heart and desolate
They heed the call; they bow to fate;
And outward swept, a baffled train,
Each feels his effort was in vain:
But fed by impulse lent by each
The gradual tide upon the beach
Rises to full, and thunders brave,
Wave after wave, wave after wave.

Ah, tired, discouraged heart and head,
Look up, and be thou comforted!
Thy puny effort may seem vain,
Wasted thy toil and naught thy pain,
Thy brief sun quench itself in shade,
Thy worthiest strength be weakness made,
Caught up in one great whelming grave
Wave after wave, wave after wave.

Yet still, though baffled and denied,
Thy spended strength has swelled the tide.
A feather's weight where oceans roll—
One atom in a mighty whole,
God's hand uncounted agencies
Marshals and notes and counts as His:
His threads to bind, his sands to save,
His tides to build, wave after wave.

—Christian Union.

Selections.

It is easy for those who have nothing to be anxious for, to be anxious for nothing.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be.

On the swelling tide of my full heart's brim,
Come sweet and holy thoughts of Him
Who said, "What thou knowest not now,
while here,
Shall be made hereafter plain and clear."

—Perle Sey.

Faith, the certainty that a man is right, will give him a courage which will enable him to resist, if need be, the rich ones, the learned ones of the earth. It has made poor unlearned men heroes and deliverers of their countrymen from slavery and ignorance. It has made weak women martyrs and saints. It has enabled men who made great discoveries to face unbelief, ridicule, neglect, poverty, knowing that their worth would be acknowledged at last, their names honored at last as benefactors, by the very men who laughed at them and reviled them.

Science and Art.

COMMUNICATING WITH PASSING VESSELS.—A contributor to the *Moniteur de la Flotte* submits a plan for placing passing vessels in direct communication with existing submarine cables. He would float buoys with the connecting wires and other necessary apparatus at intervals of a day's journey along the line of the cable, each numbered and properly lighted at night; and he considers that the plan presents but few difficulties, and that its adoption would obviate much anxiety and many dangers. Its effect upon the life of the cable would, however, hardly seem to be beneficial.

A novel apparatus for separating gold from sand without the use of water was recently completed and tested in New York. It is intended for use in the placer regions of the West, Mexico and Central America, where gold-bearing sand is found at a distance from water sufficient for hydraulic mining. The machine is about five feet in diameter, and is arranged to throw the sand by centrifugal force against a "wall" of mercury, maintained by centrifugal action. In this way, it is claimed, every particle of gold is brought in contact with the mercury and amalgamated, while the sand is blown away by means of an air blast. The machine is said to clear a ton of sand in twenty minutes and to be so thorough in its operations as to make it possible to work over with profit the tailings of mines worked by other systems. The power required to operate the machine is not given. —*Scientific American*.

EDISON'S LATEST.—Thomas A. Edison has recently patented an invention by which electric lights can be raised or lowered at will. It has been one of the chief arguments advanced by the opponents of the Edison light that there was no medium in the light. Either the light was of full power or it would not work at all. Last April Edison set himself to obviate this defect. After many experiments his efforts were crowned with success, and on May 8 an application for a patent was filed at Washington. The new invention is called an "adjustable resistance." It is attached to a light at a cost of only \$2.50 per burner, and is operated in the same manner as a German student lamp. Three or four sticks of carbon are inclosed in a brass tube, which is placed below the incandescent burner, and by simply turning it around by hand the carbon either opens or closes the circuit. Thus the light can, by a single touch, be raised to its full power or lowered to any extent necessary. It has already been placed upon lamps of the Edison patent whenever a customer wished for it. It works perfectly.

VENEEERING WITH SILK.—The invention

of a German chemist, by which it is intended to render to woollens, cottons, and cheap silks alike a service similar to that which electroplating renders to common metals, is decidedly unique. This singular process is thus described: Silk waste, ravelings, and similar valueless refuse are placed in a clear solution of caustic soda or potash, by which they are rapidly dissolved. The solution is then diluted by the addition of distilled water—more or less, as the "plating" is to be heavy or light. The cotton or linen fabrics are then placed in a bath of this liquid, in which they are said rapidly to become coated with the silk, when they are taken out and dried. This process is repeated a number of times, the bath being diluted each time. Finally the goods are left for two hours in a strong bath of sulphuric acid, in which they are kept in constant motion, after which they are thoroughly rinsed with water, pressed hot, beaten and stretched, to bring out the lustre and gloss, just as all-silk goods are said to be treated. By this process it is claimed that not only cotton and woollens, but—what is apparently much more likely—dull, lustreless, low-priced silks can be treated with a solution of better and more lustrous silk, and be rendered scarcely distinguishable from the best goods. The precipitated silk is said to

weeks the sum of \$162,000,000 is expended on theatrical performances exclusive of matinees.

Thirty four millions of dollars have been invested in real estate improvements in the cities of New York and Brooklyn since the beginning of the present year—\$28,000,000 in New York, for 1,865 new buildings and 1,998 alterations, and over \$5,000,000 in Brooklyn. From One Hundred and Sixth to One Hundred and Eighth streets over seventy new houses are soon to be built, costing from \$10,000 to \$14,000 each.

Kansas never had such crops, says a recent dispatch from Topeka, in that State. The acreage of wheat is about 1,500,000, or 25 per cent. less than last year, and the yield, taking a probable average of 25 bushels, will be in the neighborhood of 30,000,000, or 25 per cent. more than last year. Harvesting now is well under way. In the most advanced section the grain is all in, but fears are expressed in some quarters that the facilities of transportation will prove inadequate.

The Executive Board of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations met in Saratoga, N. Y., July 18. The subject under discussion was the best manner of assisting the Jewish refugees to become self-sustaining, and it was decided to send an appeal to the congregations for money, as well as by making personal appeals through committees to enable the Union to assist them. An appeal will also be made to every Hebrew from thirteen years old up to subscribe the sum of \$1 annually for the poor of Israel, and to the mothers of Israel in the United States to contribute the same sum annually for the support of indigent students in the Hebrew Union College.

According to the *Paris Figaro*, the number of corpses taken out of the Seine at Paris averages five hundred a year, of which some two hundred, it is conjectured, are of persons who come to their death through violence. Paris has a population of about two millions, so that one in every four thousand is the average yearly loss by perishing in the river. Two thousand bodies have been taken out of the river within the metropolitan district of London during the past five years. Ten of these were declared by juries to be those of murdered persons, and some six hundred were classed as doubtful. London has about four million inhabitants, so that the ratio in this case is one to ten thousand—a showing largely in favor of London as between that city and Paris.

The Old State House at Boston, Mass., which has been restored as nearly as possible to its original appearance, was opened July 11. It is not positively known when the first building was erected on this site, but it must have been prior to March 1669, as the records refer to the building as being in use at that time. The first building was destroyed by fire in 1711, rebuilt in 1712, and again destroyed by fire in 1747 but immediately rebuilt. The building has been the scene of many historic incidents. In 1780 John Hancock, the first Governor, was installed here. The Proclamation of Peace was read from this building in 1783. Washington reviewed the troops in 1789 from a balcony thrown out from one of the windows. It was almost decided to remove the building in 1875, but in 1881 the city council ordered the restoration which has just been completed.

Items of Interest.

The Khedive does not look upon the mutinous pasha as Arabi the blest.

Marie Antoinette's writing-table sold at the famous Hamilton auction, in London, for £15,000.

The United States produces thirty per cent. of the grain of the world, and thirty-one per cent. of the meat.

There are upwards of 1,000,000 agricultural land-owners in Germany, possessing less than three and a quarter acres each.

It is estimated that the number of horses in the United States is 12,000,000. Illinois is said to contain one-tenth of that number.

The commencement of Simpson Centenary College in Indianola, Iowa, was made interesting by the first visit to it of Bishop Simpson, after whom it was named. One year ago there was a debt of \$21,000. When the trustees met on June 17 the treasurer reported funds on hand to pay every dollar.

An interesting ceremonial of the fifty-third anniversary of the marriage of the Emperor William was the christening of a great grandson. In that royal house there is no bother of hunting up a name for the heir-apparent, who for many generations has found the name of Frederick William waiting for him.

Magnificent are the presents sent by King Alphonso to the members of the Commission that took the Order of the Garter to Madrid last year. The Prince of Wales received tapestries worth more than \$30,000. To the others are sent some superb specimens of Toledo arms, richly encrusted with gold.

The New York *Commercial Bulletin* says: "The vast herds of cattle which our Western exchanges report on the trail in the Indian Territory, and feeding their way northward, should before long have an effect on the exceptionally high prices of animal food. It is estimated that nearly 100,000 grass-fed cattle will be sent forward before the driving season is over."

The third anniversary of the death of Prince Napoleon was commemorated by the widowed and childless ex Empress Eugenie in a visit to the tomb at Chiselslurst. Prince Lucien and many other friends accompanied her, and joined in appropriate ceremonies. A wreath of immortelles, to be placed on the tomb, was received from Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice.

A forwarding agent in Berlin has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude and to pay a fine of \$375 for having attempted to forward by the Stettin Railway a case containing an infernal machine. The clockwork acted too rapidly, and the explosion occurred while the case was in the station, to which serious damage was done. He had largely over insured the goods.

Washington is to have a monument on George's Hill, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, where the great iron tower stood during the Centennial Exposition. It is to take the form of an equestrian statue, of finest bronze, upon a granite pedestal; the whole to be about sixty feet high. It will be erected by the Society of the Cincinnati, which has raised a fund of \$220,000 for the purpose.

The number of theatres in the United States is estimated to be 4,500. The average receipts of one night's performance are about \$150, and the same statistical truth-seeker who compiles these numbers further states that the public pay \$675,000 every night for amusements, and that in a season of forty

weeks the sum of \$162,000,000 is expended on theatrical performances exclusive of matinees.

way to Turkey, from Egypt to Lake George, without any of the worry and inconvenience of boats and trains, of stages, sledges, or camels.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen tells "How Burt went Whale-hunting" in Norway; Miss Lucretia P. Hale, of "Mrs. Peterkin in Egypt"; David Ker, the Times correspondent, contributes "Hassan's Water-melon," a Turkish tale; an amusing poem is "The Punjaubs of Siam"; and James Baldwin continues the "Stories from the Northern Myths," with an account of "How Siegfried Returned to Isenstain," accompanied by a powerful full-page picture by Blum. Then, with "A Visit to the Home of Sir Walter Scott," are a number of new interior or views of Abbotsford, engraved from photographs. Paul Fort's story, "The Mysterious Barrel," contains some capital yarns by an old sea captain. "How a Hoosier Boy Saw the Tower of Pisa," is not only interesting and exciting, but also true. "The Cloister of the Seven Gates" is an old-time story of the Servian kings, and "Summer Days at Lake George" brings us with a jump to America and to-day. Besides these, is a sailor-boy story of an American lad who went to Portugal and took part in a bull-fight. Even in Mrs. Dodge's Serial, "Donald and Dorothy," the hero takes passage for Europe. Among those who contribute poems and verses are Celia Thaxter, Joel Stacy, and Margaret Johnson. And there are pictures by Blum, G. F. Barnes, Church, Edwards, Beard, Hopkins, Cocks, Jessie McDermott, and others. Then come the usual "Departments," and the Agassiz Association reports "great progress."

THE LUTHERAN QUARTERLY for July, 1882. Contents: The Church's Future, by Prof. E. J. Wolf, D. D., Gettysburg, Pa.; Paul as a Witness to Christ, by President David J. Hill, A. M., University at Lewisburg, Pa.; The Pastor's Use of the Lord's Supper, by Prof. C. A. Stork, D. D., Gettysburg, Pa.; Beneficiary Education, by Rev. P. G. Bell, Indiana, Pa.; The Evangelist of the Old Testament, by Prof. George H. Schodde, Ph. D., Columbus, O.; Romans 5: 12, by C. M. Esbjörn, A. B., Philadelphia, Pa.; Literary Intelligence; Notices of New Publications. Edited by M. Valentine, D. D., E. J. Wolf, D. D., and Prof. P. M. Birk, Gettysburg, Pa.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA, edited by Edwards A. Park, July, 1882. Contents: Mediæval German Schools, by James Davie Butler, LL. D., Madison, Wis.; Greece as a European Kingdom, by Rev. A. N. Arnold, formerly a missionary in Greece; The Legend of the Buddha, and the Life of the Christ, by Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D. D., Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa.; The History of Research concerning the Structure of the Old Testament Historical Books, by Prof. Archibald Duff, M. A., LL. D., Alredale College, England, No. II.; The Integrity of the Book of Isaiah, by Rev. Wm. Henry Cobb, Uxbridge, Mass.; Theological Education, No. X.—The Study of Languages Cognate with Hebrew; The "Sacred Books of the East," by Rev. Charles W. Park, Watertown, Mass.; Notices of Recent Publications. Andover: Published by W. F. Draper. London: Trübner & Co.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. The first mid-summer holiday number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE—the first under the new name—makes a strong appeal to popular favor, both with the excellence of its illustrations and the interest and timeliness of its text. The frontispiece is a portrait of Richard Wagner, engraved in a most charming and delicate style, by Mr. Cole, of whom the public has come to expect only the best of work. An interesting paper, by Mr. John R. G. Hassard, the well-known musical critic of the New York "Tribune" tells "How Wagner makes Operas." "The Personal History of Garibaldi" is succinctly told by Mrs. Dianciard, and there is a portrait of him in his vigor, which tipples with the boldness of his exploits. The sporting article is "Steam-yachting in America," by S. G. W. Benjamin, author of "The Evolution of the American Yacht," in the last number. A large portion of both text and cuts is devoted to a detailed description of Mr. J. G. Bennett's new yacht *Namouna*, of which there are some excellent drawings. Another timely feature, in view of the expected rush to Montana next year, on the completion of the Northern Pacific, is Mr. E. V. Smalley's entertaining paper on "The New North-west," the first of a series which is to treat of the region along the railway from Fargo to the Cascades of the Columbia. An amusing brochure is "The Lambs," a metrical satire on Wall street swindles (on the model of a Greek tragedy), written by Robert Grant, author of "The Little Tin God on Wheels," with choral songs by "bulls," "bears," and "sheep lambs."—There are, in addition, four fully illustrated papers: "The Borderlands of Surrey," by Miss Alice Fenn, with striking picturesque drawings by her father, Harry Fenn, including Tennyson's house, "Freshwater," "Brookbank," where George Eliot wrote Middlemarch, Gilbert White's House at Selborne, etc.; "The American Museum of Natural History (Central Park)," by Dr. Holder, with beautiful engravings of birds, animals, and fossils; "Some English Artists and their Studios," by Cosmo Monkhouse, the English art-critic, with faithful drawings by Vanderhoof, of the workrooms of Leighton, Millais, Pette, Boughton, Alma Tadema, and others, and lastly, "An Aboriginal Pilgrimage," by Sylvester Baxter, an account of the Eastern trip of the Zuni, with groups and excellent portraits and autographs of the Indians, and a portrait of Mr. Frank H. Cushing, to whose forthcoming account in THE CENTURY of his life and adventures in Zuni as a member of the tribe, this paper is preliminary.—Light reading is further supplied by the two serials, by a short sea-coast story, by Noah Brooks, with the piquant title, "The Phantom Sailor"; by an agreeably unseasonable and poetic sketch of "A Snowstorm," by John Burroughs, and by some reminiscences of George Eliot's aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, which conclusively identify her with the character of Dinah Morris. In Mr. Howells's story, Kinney the logger reappears, and Bartley discusses a delicate question of newspaper ethics with a brother journalist, and the plot thickens. In Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration," Bertha tells her story to Agnes Sylvestre. Some of the strongest scenes of this story, it is stated, are yet to come.—Besides Robert Grant, the poets of the number are T. W. Parsons, "H. H." Edith M. Thomas, Austin Dodson, H. C. Bunner, and John Vance Cheney.—The chief feature of the departments is an editorial article of nearly ten pages' length on "The Metropolitan Museum and its Director," in which is reviewed the controversy over alleged restorations in the Cesnola Collection of Cyprine Antiquities. The other departments are shorter than usual. In the "Bric-a-Brac" is a "Ballade of a Coquette," by Frank D. Sherman, whose light verse of the kind has recently attracted attention.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE, July 29, 1882, contains: Newton and Darwin, by R. A. Proctor, *Aesthetic Poetry*: Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar, Contemporary review; Robin, by Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve," part XII, and Indian Smells and Sounds, Temple Bar; The Lights of "Maga,"

part II., Blackwood's Magazine; The Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth de St. Palaye, and Some Thoughts on Browning, Macmillan's Magazine; Humors of Irish Life; Street Visiting, Chambers' Journal. Poetry: One of these Days; A Song for Women; The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each or more than 3,300 pages a year, the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Married.

At the Reformed parsonage in Ringtown, on the 23d of July, 1882, by Rev. W. B. Sandoe, Mr. James Hughes of Shenandoah to Miss Winnie Hollenbach, of the same place.

Obituaries.

DIED.—At his residence in Vernon township, on the 20th inst., Elder Mathias Flickinger, in the 58th year of his age.

The large concourse of friends and relatives that gathered around the grave of Mr. Flickinger attested the esteem in which he was held in the neighborhood in which he lived. Having settled some thirty years ago on what was not the most desirable spot of ground for farming purposes, by industry and perseverance he made for himself one of the most lovely homesteads in the entire neighborhood. Though lively and sanguine of temperament, he was not impulsive, but endowed with an excellent judgment, and blessed with a rare helpmate, he so controlled the circumstances of his situation, by adding one improvement after another, until by long years of patience and perseverance beauty and order arose out of the comparative wilderness in which he had selected his home. Panics never seriously affected him, for he provided for them in the wise management of his affairs. The habits of thrift and economy, formed in his boyhood, followed him through life. He began a poor boy, and worked his way up to a comfortable and respectable position in life.

But that was not all. The vision of his life reached beyond the limits of his home. His social qualities seemed to make up for the disadvantages of his early education. His large-hearted generosity made his home attractive to all who came within its influence.

But what was more than all to the mind of the writer, he poised the centre of his life on the highest interests of our being, around which it flowed on in its even tenor, and from which it received the radiance of a Christian home. His religious life unfolded itself in the congregation at Watson Run, of which he was a worthy member and strong prop from its beginning almost onward. He served for many years as deacon and elder, in the latter service of which he died. During the last nine months of his life he was a painful sufferer. His tenacity of life was remarkably strong. He combated the enemy step by step, while loved ones gathered around his bed eager to catch the faintest ray of hope for his convalescence. But the tyrant death made his inroads steadily and surely until every hope departed, leaving a devoted family to mourn the departure of an endeared husband and a kind father. As the shades of Thursday evening gathered round the sad homestead, it was seen that the shadow of death was falling over the pallid countenance of the sufferer. The family being summoned to his bed-side awaited the rapid ebbing of life, and at 10 o'clock, gently and without a struggle, the emancipated spirit took its flight, and the sufferer was at rest.

He was buried in the Watson Run cemetery on Sunday, the 20th inst., in the presence of an unusual number of friends and kindred, assembled to pay the last sad tribute to the memory of one loved in life and mourned in death. Funeral text: St. John 16: 7. Nevertheless I tell you the truth. It is expedient for you that I go away.

PASTOR.

DIED.—At Mountville, Lancaster county, Pa., July 16th, 1882, Peter Snyder, aged 39 years, 9 months and 23 days.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
Rev. J. H. SECHLER,
Rev. D. B. LADY,
Rev. A. R. KREMER,
{Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1882.

We commence with this date the first of a series of "open letters," which, we hope, will be characterized by a Christian spirit. The subjects discussed are of importance and need calm consideration. The time for angry tirades has passed, but there is no reason why there should not be a wholesome interchange of views. People show a weakness when they regard the expression of an opinion, differing from their own, only as a red flag unfurled before a mad bull.

It is well enough to see that things do not cost more than they come to. We learn that Mrs. Jones went to a picnic the other day, one of those quiet picnics with no fuss, where you get up at four o'clock in the morning, pack off four children and ten lunch baskets, and gad around in the heat all day—and it made Mrs. Jones so tired that she had to do two days' washing before she felt rested.

People who go out to hunt up faults and heresies in others, may be self deceived. They may be likened to the Irishman, who, when lost in the woods, yelled so loud that he was frightened by the echoes of his own voice. He was sure that some evil cratur was "taseing" him by repeating his own words. Afterwards he found that there was "no cratur there at all, at all—only a big noise," which he was raising himself.

Does not this give a good plan for older folks to follow? A lady with her little daughter passing out of church, the child bade good-bye to a poorly-dressed little girl. "How did you know her?" inquired the mother. "Why, you see, mamma, she came into our Sabbath-school alone, and I made room for her on my seat, and I smiled and she smiled and then we were acquainted."

The Christian Union says pertinently: "It is considered in order, at this season of the year, for the secular press and people who rarely attend church to rail because so many of the churches are closed. The fact is that more churches are kept open all season than are needed, and more would be kept open if people would attend. No pastor goes away from his people until he has provided for their spiritual welfare as far as is in his power, by either providing for services in their own house of worship or by uniting with some other congregation in the neighborhood. And if those who complain will only attend any church which they find open during the summer they will be convinced that all the provision necessary is made for those who will attend church, both as to room and quality of preaching, and that there is no lack of spiritual food for those who will make use of these privileges."

The Spiritualists of Brooklyn have incorporated the "First Church of the Spiritual Identification," a name said to have been suggested by the spirits. The New York Observer says, "They propose to erect a church edifice when they can, but it is not stated that the spirits have suggested a place where they may find the money."

The Mormons of Utah have resolved upon making things hot for the Gentiles in that territory. The Edmunds' Act is to be tested before the Supreme Court of the United States, and the determination has been expressed not to submit to it, even if pronounced constitutional. Meanwhile the polygamists have been reinforced by a thousand emigrants who reached New York last week, on the steamer Nevada. Nearly all these recruits are young. They were under the supervision of thirty-four missionaries.

We are likely to overlook the efficient labors of women in the foreign field. Bishop Bowman of the Methodist Church who has just visited China and Japan on a missionary tour, bears this testimony:

"One fact which has come to us almost

like a new revelation is the great amount of work done by the wives of missionaries. We had seen something of this in India, but supposed that it was an exceptional case. Here we have found in all the missions that the married women do an immense amount of labor. In the school, sometimes in the hospital, but much more frequently among the women, they are almost constantly employed. To-day can be seen in China and Japan many faithful and successful teachers and Bible readers who have received their training under the instruction of these devoted women."

The *Independent* says: "Ridicule is a keen weapon, but it is two edged. None should know this better than *The Freeman's Journal*. It sneers at Protestant converts from Catholicism; but there are Catholic converts from Protestantism whose departure is as little regretted as their admission to the Catholic fold is welcomed. The Catholic press furnishes the evidence."

We clip this from the same paper: "The sensitiveness of the Scotch conscience to the remotest suggestion in their church services of papal or prelatical practices survives after the lapse of three centuries. A complaint has been lodged against a Presbyterian minister for holding a daily prayer-meeting, in conformity to the usage of English High Church clergymen."

Here is a programme given by the London *Christian World*, as a sample of the methods used by the Salvation Army in carrying on the war. It was placarded at Leeds, England, and reads as follows.

"After the usual proclamation of 'War! war!' etc., and an invitation to everybody to 'join in the fight against Old Nick,' the plan of attack is thus described: 'Monday, June 5th, at 7.45, Salvation charge; Tuesday, Great Exhibition of Hallelujah Lasses; Wednesday Fire and Brimstone; Thursday, Roll Call, soldiers to deliver up their cartridges; Friday, at 7.30, Baptism of Fire; Saturday at 7.45, Rejoicing over Victories Won. All over the Shop Meetings. Sunday, June 11th, at 7 A.M., Knee-drill. Ammunition supplied to soldiers by Quartermaster General. 11 A. M., Descent of Holy Ghost; 2.30 P. M., Tremendous Free and Easy; 6.30 P. M., Great Charge on the Devil; 9 P. M., Hallelujah Galop."

Christian taste and propriety are, of course, shocked by such irreverent expressions, yet some people think they are the very thing. The London *Outlook*, a Presbyterian journal, thinks Mr. and Mrs. Booth understand their work better than all the prelates of England.

Our sprightly contemporary, the *Moravian*, tells of a man who delivered a lecture on "The Bible," and was afterward requested by a committee to publish "as much of it as related to the subject."

MODERN EVANGELISTS.

It is difficult to know how to estimate so-called Evangelists. There never has been a disposition on the part of regularly ordained ministers to trample them under foot. On the other hand, there has always been an earnest desire to know how far the work, and reputed success, of men who claimed that the Lord had given them special missions, has told in the end, for good upon the upbuilding of the Redeemer's Kingdom; and nothing so much as the wild measures, and the strange debilitating re-actions that have followed these excitements, have furnished the ground for doubt.

The Methodist Church depends largely upon revivals. It welcomes any one who gives promise of an awakening of the multitude and the conversion of souls to God. But its ministers are often put to a test by placing the results of their own stated preaching of the gospel side by side with the wonderful outcome of some novice Harrison, the boy preacher, who jumps over benches, and deals in incongruous harangues, does more in the estimation of many towards getting up a repetition of the scenes of "Pentecost," than Bishop Simpson, whose clear, intelligent, evangelical sermons have given him a name all over the earth. Sometimes more conversions are reported under such individuals, than under half a Conference of regular pastors.

In view of this state of things, earnest men everywhere have stopped to ask whether the estimate is a right one, and if it is, whether the fault lies in their own want of spirituality, or any thing else that they should correct. And yet very few thinking men have felt justified in abandoning their established methods, which, though slow, seem to accord with God's plan.

The last case of a successful operator in spiritual things, brought to public notice is that of Rev. Geo. Owen Barnes, who has become known as the Kentucky Mountain

Evangelist. He is the son of an eminent Presbyterian minister, and was himself educated at the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He was once a Presbyterian pastor in this country, and afterwards did good work as a foreign missionary at Lahore, Hindooostan, but returned to this country and took to what people called ecclesiastical bushwhacking. His manner is wild and peculiar, yet people flocked to him by hundreds in the mountains. Afterward he went to Frankford, Ky., where 1,249 persons are said to have professed conversion. Thirty-three of this number were convicts in the Penitentiary, and these men were placed in wagons and surrounded with guards, armed with rifles, took to the river and baptized. Nor were his converts taken from the lower classes alone. One Congregational minister, who resisted his work in advance, became so excited under his preaching, that he had to be sent to an asylum. Governor Blackburn, and other high officials are said to be among those brought to the foot of the cross by his instrumentality.

And yet what the man says is full of vulgar slang and bad Theology, and he seems to boast of this as one element of his success. A letter from Dayton, Ohio, where Mr. Barnes has held an audience of 1,000, in a big rink, and kept all the town talking about him, says:

The other day, in showing that Christ had rendered satisfaction to God the Father for the sins of mankind, and that mankind had no more satisfaction to make, he said:—"If God would take any more satisfaction He would spit in the face of His dear Son Jesus."

The audience writhed at this, and all the more so when he repeated it three times. Speaking of the law as compared with grace, he pointed to a conspicuous sign in the rink which reads,

"Must not spit on the floor." He said:—"I don't want to spit, and I wasn't going to spit, but whenever I see that sign it starts my salivary glands, and I feel that nothing can keep me from spitting." And he moved his cheeks as if he had half a pound of "fine-cut" in his mouth; whereupon the people laughed. Illustrating the same subject, he said:—"I don't want to steal my friend Houck's horse until the law tells me I shan't steal it; no, not I. I wouldn't steal Houck's horse, not for ten thousand worlds. But as soon as you tell me it's against the law to steal that horse, then my law-breaking nature rises up with me, and I want to steal him."

Describing the prodigal's return, he said:—"The father met the fellow with open arms and hugged him. He didn't mind the dirty rags; didn't mind the fleas; didn't mind the stink of the bog trough." This produced great sensation among the audience. It was so realistic!"

One almost feels like apologizing for quoting such language. Yet that is not the worst. The *Christian Observer*, well known as a reliable Presbyterian paper, published in Louisville, Ky., gives a large number of extracts from the Evangelist's sermons, of which the following are samples:

"I have no one between me and God. That Christ is a mediator between us and God, is the devil's biggest, blackest lie."

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." This is one of Job's lies."

The *Observer* says: "In view of his teachings it is not strange that not one in a score of those who 'confess' under his preaching ever unite with any church, or make any change for the better in their lives."

Can any one have confidence in such work?

CHURCH EXTENSION.

We have been looking over the Minutes of the last two General Synods to learn what we could about Church Extension. We looked at the indexes, and, sure enough, we found the right word with commingled feelings of delight and mortification; the latter for having been so ignorant as almost not to know that we had at one time such an important Board located somewhere in the galaxy of Boards in the Reformed Church.

Following the guidance of these finger Boards (the indexes) what do we find? Well, just about enough to turn the mortification another way. We find that there must have been precisely such an institution with all the rights and dignities pertaining thereto, for it is referred to, unmistakably. But almost the only thing that we could gather from the allusions and references to it (historical or otherwise) is the fact that the Church is, or was, considerably in debt to its treasurer. No other light shines from the Minutes, on that subject, unless we overlooked it. We conclude, therefore, that we are not as a Church far advanced in the matter of Church extension.

What is it? and wherein does it differ from the work of missions properly so called? It would seem that there could be so little difference between them discerned by Reformed people that they naturally, and

without sin, let the one drop. No doubt the work of missions includes what is called Church extension, yet without the two being one and the same. Still it is doubtful whether many of our people have a fair apprehension of the difference between Home Missions and Church extension, and the apparent failure of the latter as a distinct part of Church work may be attributed to this fact, and not to a want of interest in the benevolent operations of the Church.

The object of this branch of Christian work seems to be, chiefly, to give special aid to these Churches that may be in urgent need, at any time, from any cause, especially in the erection of houses of worship. It comes in and supplies what the Board of Missions cannot do, not being included within its scope and plan as limited by the means placed in its hands. The Board of Church Extension may be applied to for aid by such interests as may commend themselves to the liberality of the Church, and for which the Board of Missions did not and could not make provision. The difference between the two, and the specific design and work of each ought to be understood by all people, and which seem to be understood by only two of our Classes, the Lebanon and West Susquehanna, judging by the contributions. We may have something more to say on this subject next week.

his 'Joe Miller.' His office is not that of a 'fisher of men,' but of a caterer to natural tastes. He does not seek to save, but to amuse. He is not filled with a sense of his responsibility before God, but with a desire to make a decided hit which will put him into the newspapers."

The London *Globe* calls this "The Age of High Pressure," and says:

"It has become almost a truism to say that every age has its distinguishing feature, which gives to it an individuality as unmistakable as that which differentiates the several members of the same family; and it needs but little examination to discover that the distinguishing feature of the present age is 'high pressure.' Physical science has taught mankind the conservation and utilization of the forces of nature, and recent experiment has shown that 'high pressure' is the means by which the greatest amount of force may be extracted from a ton of coals. Humanity is fond of analogy, and is ever ready to transfer its reasoning from the physical to the psychic world. Moreover, the advance of physical science, and the application thereof to the appliances of life, must in time necessitate a corresponding movement in the world of action. As the locomotive or steam vessel increases in speed, so must human beings move more rapidly in thought and action. The humblest servant upon a line of railway is affected in his movements by every mile of increased speed of the trains running over that line. The lowest clerk in an office is affected materially by each increase of postal deliveries, by every decrease in the rates for telegrams, by every addition to the foreign and colonial mail service. It is quite true that we do not spend so many hours in our offices as did our grandfathers—but we do more in the shorter hours than they did, and we know nothing of the interval of quietude which they enjoyed during the business day. Every man must work at the top of his speed, and by the time his day's work is over he finds his powers are exhausted, and he has scarcely energy left to seek the means of recreation which lie around him. Our business and professional friends are constantly urging as an excuse for failures in the exercise of social virtues the plea that they are too weary to undertake that exercise save at widely scattered intervals, and the weary business man asks for nothing when his day's labors are ended save 'to be let alone.' Such a state of things cannot fail to tell seriously upon the character and genius of a people."

"Leisure is a thing unknown to the bulk of men, or is regarded as some far-distant haven which he scarcely hopes to reach in future years. And to the few fortunate ones who do reach it, it too frequently comes when all capacity for its enjoyment is gone, worn out by the weary struggle and stress of the voyage. The principals of our commercial houses are already beginning to see the result of this high pressure upon their employees. There is a lack of springiness or elasticity about them, and a nervous hurriedness in their work, which frequently defeat their efforts. With a growing average intelligence, and a general spread of knowledge, there is also an increasing lack of business 'genius.' It is more than ever easy to get a hundred men of ordinary ability, and more difficult to get one man of originality and keen insight. Men are more mechanical and less spontaneous than they were. Specialists may be obtained for all departments, but the men of 'all round minds,' capable of taking wide views, are few and far between."

Among the Exchanges.

The *Lutheran Standard* says:—"No, the amount of work performed for the Church is not to be graduated by the amount of pay received. Such a gauge is unworthy of the Christian. A minister who receives \$500 per year is expected to do as much work as one who gets \$5,000. He is to give himself to the work wholly. It is not foolish to do for a salary of a few hundred dollars per annum an amount of work for the Church which one would not do for as many thousands to advance a rich man's temporal interests. Those who give their time and strength to the cause of the Church should receive their livelihood at the hands of the Church. The labor anywhere and everywhere is worthy of his hire. But it is verily to measure one's labor in the cause of Christ by the amount of money paid for it, and do nothing for love's sake."

Dr. Howard Crosby lately published an excellent article on *True and False Preaching*, in the *Sunday-School Times*, from which this is an extract.

"The tendency of our age is to do away with all supernatural religion. Is not that tendency encouraged by the character of much of our preaching? We are philosophers rather than preachers. We explain God's will from the teachings of nature and the demands of reason, rather than from the revelation God has seen fit to make. Hence, when the world's wisdom attacks us, we are found wielding the world's weapons of defense, and become scientists for the nonce. We are seduced into the field where we are not experts, and where we are readily worsted."

"But we have a wisdom the world knows nothing about. The natural man cannot understand the things of God. Hence, all we have to do is to testify of Christ as the Saviour, and urge men to accept the salvation which we have proved. We cannot unfold the hidden wisdom to the unconverted. We preach Christ as the Saviour of sinners, and call men to Him. When a soul accepts the Saviour thus evidenced, it enters into the abode of truth, and there finds the evidence of the Holy Spirit. The attempt to give this evidence, or anything equivalent to it, to the unconverted soul, is futile."

"It is a failure to see this important distinction which has introduced the lyceum platform into our churches instead of the pulpit. Ministers address their congregations as classes in natural or political science, or in mental or moral philosophy. They discourse on development, heredity, conservation of force, and the discoveries of science, none of which subjects have anything more to do with preaching than has the multiplication-table. When the church is thus made a lyceum, it is natural and easy to introduce into the sermon (?) anything that will instruct and entertain the audience; and it is also natural and easy to forget the instruction in the entertainment. The minister then goes to the pulpit, not from his knees, but from

PHILADELPHIA CLASSIS.

Philadelphia Classis met in annual sessions in the Union Church, Whittemore, Montgomery county, Pa., on Friday, June 2, 1882, at 8 P. M. Rev. Dr. Bomberger, at the request of the retiring president, Rev. J. D. Detrich, preached the opening sermon, from St. John 14: 26. Twenty four ministers and nineteen elders were present during the sessions of Classis. Rev. George S. Sorber was elected president; Rev. A. R. Thompson, corresponding secretary; and Hon. H. C. Hoover re-elected treasurer. Rev. J. H. Seicher continues stated clerk.

The usual religious services were held during the meeting of Classis, and were well attended, the people manifesting interest and appreciation. A missionary and Sunday-school meeting was held on Monday evening, at which the principal speakers were strictly limited to ten minutes each, and volunteers to five minutes each. This meeting differed from others of the kind that were held before, in that no volunteers were called for until after all the principal speakers had spoken upon the various topics severally assigned them.

The reports of the several committees were disposed of by adoption either of the items presented, or of a resolution setting forth reasons for not complying with the action called for.

Rev. E. H. Diefenbacher was dismissed to Mercersburg Classis, Potomac Synod.

A request from persons duly authenticated, and residing at Princeton and in vicinity, asking for the organization of a Reformed congregation in said place, was granted, and Revs. Rowland, Ebbert, and Bomberger were appointed a committee to effect such organization.

A request from Ridgely Mission, Md., for aid, was responded to by Classis at once proceeding to raise funds for said church. In this way the sum of \$55 was realized. Additional individual collections to the amount of \$37, were collected from members of Classis for Bro. Hannaberry's personal use.

Classis at the preceding annual sessions in Delaware, appointed two missionary committees, one for the Peninsula District, the other for the Northern District. Reports were received from both committees, indicating that the missionary cause within our bounds had received considerable attention. Wilmington, Chester, Milford, New Castle, and minor points, were mentioned by chairmen of Peninsula committee, as important points in Delaware, for missionary operations by the Reformed church. The committees were continued. It was

Resolved, That a committee consisting of two ministers and one elder be appointed to whom be referred the items in report of Committee on Minutes of General Synod, relating to proposed changes in the constitution of the church. To the same committee was referred the subject matter of a pending motion, viz.: that this Classis disapproves of the article providing for annual sessions of the General Synod.

With reference to the additional German hymns, it was

Resolved, That inasmuch as no copy of the appendix is before us for examination, therefore, we are not prepared either to approve or object.

The following action was taken with reference to assessments for benevolent purposes, and in regard to the cause of Missions.

Resolved, That inasmuch as this Classis has, for what are regarded as sufficient reasons, dispensed with the system of special assessments for benevolent purposes, we must specifically decline assuming the amount assessed for the Tri-Synodical Board of Home Missions. But further

Resolved, That in view of the urgent need of Mission work in our church, of the impossibility of meeting this need without the requisite funds, and of the solemn duty of every Christian to contribute to this object according to ability, the pastors, congregations, and members of this Classis be earnestly urged, more faithfully and liberally, to aid in sustaining the various benevolent operations of Christianity.

Classis did not see its way clear to acquiesce in the recommendation of Synod that an additional column giving value of church-property, be added to the statistical table.

Classis was divided into four districts for the holding of special religious services during the year, as had been suggested by the Committee on State of Religion. The districts, together with those persons appointed to arrange for such meetings in the several districts, are as follows:—

1. Pikeland, St. Vincent, East Vincent, Brownback's, St. Matthew's, and St. Luke's, Tripp, Committee, Rev. D. W. Ebbert and delegate elder.

2. Race Street, Christ Church, Trinity, Heidelberg, St. John's, and Grace, all of Philadelphia. Committee, Rev. D. E. Klopp, D. D., and delegate elder.

3. Boehm's, Whittemarsh, North Wales, Pleasantville, Ascension, and Trinity, Norristown. Committee, Rev. J. H. Sechler and delegate elder.

4. St. John's, Del.; Zion's, Ridgely; and St. John's, Md. Committee, Rev. N. J. Miller and delegate elder.

Classis, by resolution, expressed its appreciation of the long and faithful services of Rev. Father Jesse B. Knipe, its sympathy with him in the infirmity of advancing years, and the prayer that he may long be spared to us, and abundantly sustained by divine grace; adopted resolutions commanding the Temperance cause, heartily approving of Bro. Hendrickson's efforts in behalf of the cause, and appointing him agent to prosecute the work; expressed its pleasure at hearing of the increasing prosperity of Ursinus College, and warmly commended the institution to the favor and patronage of the church; expressed itself in sympathy with the Law and Order Society of Philadelphia, in the society's efforts against intemperance and Sabbath-breaking; and delivered itself with reference to the connection of a church member with the liquor-traffic, as follows:—

Resolved, That under the present degree of light and intelligence on this subject, it is by this Classis deemed immoral and incompatible with consistent membership in the Reformed Church, to engage in the sale of intoxicants as a beverage.

The indebtedness of Classis is \$493.55, divided as follows:—Arrearages to Synod on Contingent Fund, \$194; assessment for Contingent Fund by Synod at Danville, \$81; assessment for Sinking Fund, \$105; expenses of delegates to Synod, salary of clerk and incidentals, \$113.55.

The delegates to the Synod at Bellefonte are:—*Primarii*, Revs. James I. Good, J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., George H. Johnston, J. H. Sechler, D. E. Klopp, D. D.; and Elders M. Bushong, H. C. Hoover, J. G. Brown, W. H. Housekeeper, and W. K. Gresh.

Secundi, Revs. D. W. Ebbert, H. M. Kieffer, A. R. Thompson, J. S. Vandersloot, J. D. Detrich; and Elders J. F. Unger, A. B. Schwenk, Wm. Ludwig, G. W. Stine, and A. B. Cressman.

Trinity Church, Philadelphia, Pa., June 8, 1883, 8 P. M., were selected as the place and time of the next annual meeting.

Statistics: Ministers (including 1 licentiate) 27; congregations, 27; members, 3,677; unconfirmed members, 1,087; baptized during the year, 129 infants, and 83 adults; confirmed, 184; received by certificate and reprofession, 230; communed, 2,993; dismissed, 121; erasure of names, 67; deaths, 72; Sunday schools, 28; Sunday-school scholars, 3,449; Minutes of Synod—142 English, 4 German; students for the ministry, 2; contributions—benevolent purposes, \$2,799; congregational purposes, \$64,295.

STATED CLERK.

Christian World please copy.

DEDICATION AT RIDGLEY, MD.

The dawn of July 16th found us pursuing our way to Ridgley. The day was an important one, not only for the members of St. Paul's Mission and the other Reformed missions on the Peninsula, but for the church at large. From Wyoming, Del., and Easton, Md., points twenty-five miles north and south of Ridgley, were gathered together Reformed people to unite with their brethren in dedicating another Reformed house of worship to the service of the Triune God. Considering how widely scattered upon the Peninsula the members of our church are it was a matter of no little surprise to greet so many brethren at one of our Reformed centres.

Our own church at Wyoming, Del., was closed in order to give the entire congregation an opportunity to be present at the dedication of the church of St. Paul's congregation, which may justly be regarded the daughter of our Wyoming Mission. The congregation at Ridgley is the outgrowth of missionary labors performed by Rev. E. H. Diefenbacher, the former pastor at Wyoming, Del., and now serving a charge in Bedford County, Pa. After many fatiguing trips he succeeded in organizing Ridgley Mission, and for a period served this mission as pastor, in connection with his pastorate at Wyoming. The self-sacrificing spirit of the pastor and people at Wyoming is now bringing forth precious fruits. Even when the Tri-Synodical Board stationed a minister in charge of the missionary territory embracing Ridgley, the interest of Wyoming Mission did not cease, but continued to increase.

On the twenty-first day of March, 1880, the corner stone of St. Paul's Church was laid. In the face of many difficulties and obstacles, pastor J. Hannaberry commenced the erection of a house of worship. His impaired system, the lack of financial resources, the lack of unity among the members, and various other

barriers were in the way of his success. Possessing the confidence of his brethren in the ministry, and with a firm reliance on Providence, he went on building, securing whatever he needed in the way of building materials, rallying the members to assume their duty, and thus bringing to a completion a Christian tabernacle wherein the Word of God may be preached in its purity, and the sacraments administered in conformity with the teachings of the New Testament. The erection of this house of worship has drawn the members of St. Paul's Mission into close fellowship, and, following the example of their pastor, they seem intent upon demonstrating that a living faith produces good fruits.

The morning services consisted of two sermons, the lifting of a collection, the dedication proper, and a charge to the trustees. Rev. Newton J. Miller, of Wyoming, delivered a short German sermon, which was followed, after the singing of a hymn, by an able and instructive discourse in the English language on the words: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let me go into the house of the Lord," Ps. cxii. 1, delivered by Rev. G. H. Johnston, of Philadelphia. About \$250 were needed to cancel remaining dues of the congregation. Of this amount one-fifth was paid by Wyoming Mission, and the rest was secured entirely or almost so by subscriptions and collections. The church was dedicated free of debt, the pastor, Rev. J. Hannaberry, performing this solemn service.

The building itself is a neat frame structure, with a pulpit recess, vestibule, rear gallery, and spacious audience chamber. The building stands on a large lot, leaving room for a parsonage and sheds for the members' horses. The inner and outer walls of the building are tastefully painted, and the seats and pulpit furniture neatly arranged. Altogether the church is comfortable and inviting; and is in itself a medium by means of which to attract audiences to the hearing of God's Word. The key of the building was formally handed over to the trustees by brother Hannaberry after making some appropriate remarks. He charged them to weigh the responsibility of their office, to use the key in opening the church unto the worshippers, and in barring out every form of desecration.

In the evening, Rev. N. J. Miller preached a sermon on "The Christian's Joy." A large audience was present, and close attention was paid to the speaker's words. The pastor, assisted by Licentiate Thomas A. Fenstermaker, of Philadelphia, attended to the altar services. The music, both morning and evening, was furnished by a special choir consisting of the regular members of St. Paul's choir and friends of Ridgley Mission. A noticeable feature of the services was the presence of colored faces in the gallery. Their presence may indicate the beginning of labors among them. The catechetical system, if applied to this race, would prove an incalculable blessing to them.

Thus passed a day memorable in the history of the Reformed Church on the Peninsula. Prominent among the elders present were Messrs. Brown and Zacharias. We take this opportunity again to congratulate brother Hannaberry on the result achieved. May God add his blessing to the work thus far accomplished. May the Good Physician renew the wasted form of our worthy co-laborer that he may continue long upon earth, adding his efforts to the extension of Christ's kingdom and hastening the day when the kingdoms of earth shall become the kingdoms of the Christ of God.

N. J. M.

Wapwallopen, \$38.55; St. Peter's, \$37.25; Mount Zion, \$19.50; Emmanuel's, \$15.56.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURG.

Our missionary at Johnstown, Rev. W. H. Bates, has been watched by a few of his members. He was ignorant of the matter at first, but now he knows all about it. It's a good time-keeper.

SYNOD OF OHIO.

Seventeen thousand dollars have been secured towards the erection of a new building for Heidelberg College, Tiffin. Forty thousand dollars are to be collected. Of this amount Tiffin will give fifteen thousand. The new building will not be begun until the entire amount has been secured.

The corner-stone of a new church was laid July 1, at Suffield, O. Rev. Kendig, of Canton, preached in English, and Rev. J. A. Keller in German. The pastor, Rev. Rock, laid the corner-stone. The congregation expects to dedicate the church before the close of the year.

July 2nd, near Fremont, O., the corner-stone of a church was laid, the pastor, Rev. J. Richards, being assisted in the services by Dr. Williard. The new church building will cost about \$5,000, and be 40 by 60 feet in size.

Rev. H. M. Herman of Miamisburg, preached the sermon and laid the stone at the corner-stone laying of a Reformed church at Swander's crossing, Shelby county, O., on Thursday, June 22nd. Rev. Jacob Weaver took part in the services. Rev. B. F. Tucker is the pastor. The congregation was organized by Rev. John Pence in 1834.

SYNOD OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Rev. J. Kester was installed pastor of the Caroline charge, at Bucyrus, O., on July 4th. The services were conducted in the Windfall church, which had been beautifully adorned with flowers by the young ladies of the congregation.

The first quarterly meeting of the Orphans' Home, since the building of the asylum, was held July 2nd. The Home is thirteen weeks old. In this time nine orphans and two widows were received. Since the founding of the association, two and a half years ago, \$3081.14 were given to its support.

GERMAN SYNOD OF THE EAST.

Rev. Dr. M. Wiehle of Philadelphia, lately made a visit along the Pacific coast. He visited the Reformed brethren in California and Oregon. He says there is a very rich field for the Reformed church in Oregon, and also very good prospects in California. In San Francisco, the organization of new congregations is being vigorously prosecuted.

S.

General News.

HOME.

A severe storm struck Columbia, Lancaster county, on the 19th. Many trees were uprooted, and some buildings unroofed. A circus tent was blown down and one lady was injured.

Great fires are reported in the woods near Plymouth, Mass. It raged over an area of twelve or fifteen square miles. A large tract was also burned over at Attleborough.

A despatch from East Tawas, Mich., July 27 says:—The forest fires are raging furiously, extending from Glendale to within smile of Tawas City, at the miners' farm. A few miles from Tawas City the farm products are burning and C. W. Carrie's place is on fire.

The farmers are driving their cattle to the shore and sending the children to town. On the East Tawas road many of the farmers' fences and much hay and grain are afire, and three dwellings burned. The loss is very great. Travel is cut off in many directions. Strenuous efforts are being made to save Glendale.

FOREIGN.

George Perkins Marsh, LL. D., the American Minister to Italy, died suddenly at Valsambroso on Friday. The Italian Government has expressed its deep sympathy with the widow, and has telegraphed to Washington an expression of the sympathy of the Italian nation.

Mr. Marsh was distinguished, not only as a diplomatist, but as a linguist and author. The fact that he has held a profitable foreign appointment so long is an evidence of his fidelity.

As a linguist and as an author Mr. Marsh was held in high esteem both at home and abroad. His principal published works were "A Compendious Grammar of the old Northern or Icelandic language, compiled and translated from the grammar of Rask" (1838); "The Camel, his Organization, Habits and Uses, with reference to his introduction into the United States," (1856); "Lectures on the English Language," (1861); and "Origin and History of the English Language," (1862). The last-named work, with numerous additions and corrections by the author, was translated into Italian under his supervision and almost entirely rewritten, has been reissued under the title "The Earth as Modified by Human Action."

We will be obliged to condense the news from the seat of war.

London, July 26.—A despatch from Alexandria says:—"Ali Moubark Pasha advises the Khedive to offer terms to the rebels in order to detach them from Arabi Pasha. He suggests that the Khedive issue a proclamation promising full pardon, with retention of rank and privileges, to all officials, military and civil, and to Egyptians generally, who within a given time tender their allegiance to the Khedive, and warning them that if they do not submit before the expiration of the time stated they will be treated as rebels, Arabi Pasha and other members of the rebel Government to be excepted by name from the amnesty, together with all persons convicted of having taken part in any massacre or in any act of plunder or incendiarism."

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London, July 27—12.30 P. M.—A despatch to the *Daily News* dated of Alexandria says: "A tremendous conflagration broke out in Alexandria at two o'clock this morning. As seen from the harbor, the fire seems to be larger than any that has occurred since the bombardment took place."

London, July 29.—Despatches from Constantinople state that the Sultan, replying to verbal representations of Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador, requesting the immediate issue of a proclamation against Arabi Pasha, stated that such a demand cannot be made by England alone, but should proceed from the Conference of the Powers, in which case it would receive due consideration.

The Porte denies that it has received any telegram announcing the submission to Arabi Pasha.

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The Porte denies that it has received any telegram announcing the submission to Arabi Pasha.

Constantinople, July 30.—An official telegram from the rebel government says: The Khedive having issued a decree dismissing Arabi Pasha from the Ministry, for neglecting to defend Alexandria, and having published a proclamation declaring that England is the friend of Egypt, Arabi Pasha has called on the country, of which he is a submissive servant, to pronounce its will in the matter.

Alexandria, July 30.—The bombardment of the Aboukir forts, for various reasons, will not take place.

Constantinople, July 30.—Lord Dufferin, British Ambassador, again sent Mr. Sandison, Secretary of the Legation, to ask the Sultan to issue the proclamation denouncing Arabi Pasha as a rebel. Mr. Sandison, at the same time, gave the Sultan conciliatory explanations, stating that England did not aim at a protectorate over Egypt. The Sultan gave no satisfactory answer. It is stated, however, that he is irritated at England's action.

Alexandria, July 30, 5.35 P. M.—The plundering of houses just outside the British lines at Ramleh continues.

The two expeditions which left last night to repair the railways cut by the rebels on the Alexandria side of Mahalla Junction were completely successful in their undertaking.

Suez, July 30.—There is no authority here to support the order of the Khedive.

Port Said, July 29.—The latest news from the interior is to the effect that the chiefs of the Bedouin tribes, who previously have favored the legitimate Government, have submitted to the rebels.

Alexandria, July 30, 5.35 P. M.—The latest news from the interior is to the effect that the chiefs of the Bedouin tribes, who previously have favored the legitimate Government, have submitted to the rebels.

The above Tract is now being rapidly put in type, and in the course of a few days will be ready for distribution. It is certainly a tract that will be judged by all as treating the subject briefly, honestly, and practically. We wish it to have a wide circulation throughout the length and breadth of our Church, and be scattered among those outside of us, who know us not as a Church, and should be acquainted with our history, genius and work. We trust Pastors will supply themselves with it, and distribute it wherever they go out and in among their people. We hope laymen also will take an interest in the matter and send for copies of it, which they may hand out to their friends and neighbors.

It will be composed of four pages and printed on good paper and in clear type. We will furnish it at the following cash rates, postpaid:—

1000 copies, \$5.00
500 " 2.75
100 " 65
12 " 10

Orders, accompanied with cash, may be now sent in. They will be filed and filled in their turn.

Address:

REFORMED CHURCH PUB. BOARD,
907 Arch Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

July 26, 1882.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Wishing to bring our business as far as possible to a cash basis, after August 1st next, we shall allow an extra discount of 5 per cent. on all bills as rendered in our Book Department, if paid at the time of purchase or within 30 days from date of same.

In the Periodical Department our terms are cash in advance as before, but with no discount. We trust our subscribers will bear this in mind.

Closing our fiscal year July 31, we hope all receiving statements, now being sent out, of their accounts in either or both departments, will settle them by that date.

This will enable us to render a good account of our doings to the Synods this Fall, as well as—with cash in hand—to enlarge our operations and diminish our obligations.

We need and deserve, and have a right to expect, the patronage of the Church, and its hearty and substantial co-operation in all efforts to bring success to its publication interests.

CHARLES G. FISHER,
Superintendent and Treasurer,
Ref. Church Pub. Board.

Youth's Department.

EVENING.

On velvet slopes the shadows lie,
The crimson pales along the west,
The steadfast stars arise on high,
And labor's weary hand may rest.

So gradual is the twilight's fall,
That day is past and night begun,
Ere we have heard dear Nature call
Her tired children, every one;

Yet homeward fly the little birds,
And homeward fare the laden bees,
And sweet as songs unset to words
The zephyrs murmur through the trees.

Then, through the balmy silence,—hark!

There sounds the children's vesper chime:
Between the dawning and the dark

There comes no holier, fairer time.

Soft thrill the voices low and sweet,
While little figures kneeling pray,
And trustfully at Jesus' feet

Lay down the burden of the day.

Then mothers tie the robes of white,
And kiss the lips, and smooth the brow;
The happy children say good-night,
And earth is watched by angels now.

—Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.

HAVING FUN WITH A WOODCHUCK.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

Jack and I made up our minds to catch a woodchuck. We were spending the summer down on the east end of Long Island, and judging from the number of cauliflower eaten by them, the woodchucks were abundant; so we determined to catch one.

Farmer Brown, to whom we applied for advice, told us to "grab him by the tail as he went into his hole." This sounded so easy that we decided to try it at once. We found, however, after two or three days of patient waiting, that the woodchuck absolutely refused to go into his hole while we were within grabbing distance.

We then set steel-traps in the burrows, but with no effect. We wandered around the fields armed with an old musket, and succeeded only in wasting a large quantity of powder and lead. We tried to drown one out, and after blistering our hands by carrying pails of water, were told that "a woodchuck hasn't lived in that burrow for two years." We were disappointed, but not discouraged.

"Let's set the rabbit-trap," said Jack one morning as we were planning for the day's campaign.

So we carried the rabbit trap, which was a great box with a swinging door, up to the hedge back of the barn, and set it. Farmer Brown laughed at us, and said,

"Ef you see a 'chuck, put for the nearest hole; ef you git thar before him you can stop him from goin' in."

This plan seemed so much more exciting than any other, that we spent that afternoon and the next day looking for a stray woodchuck. Toward evening our patience was rewarded by the sight of a woodchuck in the middle of a field. Jack and I had by that time learned the location of all the holes as well as the owners themselves, and we both started for a burrow in the hedge.

The woodchuck saw us, and made for the same burrow. He hadn't so far to go, and was evidently in a great hurry. Jack managed to arrive just in time to throw his hat in the mouth of the hole, thinking to bar the progress of the woodchuck. Vain hope! On came the woodchuck, and dived into the burrow, carrying Jack's hat with him. I just reached the spot in time to see the brown stump of a tail vanish, and hear Jack exclaim,

"I wonder what he is going to do with my hat?"

The loss of Jack's hat cast a damper upon our hunting for the afternoon, and it was not until after supper that we thought of the rabbit trap. When we reached it, it was sprung, and there was a sound of scratching inside that showed plainly something was trying to escape. We carried the trap carefully down to the barn, and opened it, so as to let our prize into a large barrel.

Our happiness was complete; it was a large woodchuck. What had tempted him to go into the trap I am sure I can't tell. Probably he was a victim of his own curiosity. At any rate, we had him safe and sound in the barrel, and after we had covered it with a board we went to our beds very much elated over our success.

The next morning we rose early, and went to the barn to see our prize. There he was in the barrel, his little eyes gleaming with rage, and signifying his disapproval of our proceedings by a series of short, sharp barks. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck me.

"Let's shut the doors; then let him out on the floor, and have some fun with him," I said.

Jack agreed, and we soon had every door and window but one securely fastened. This window was, fortunately for me, overlooked in our haste to have our fun.

We turned the barrel over, and out sprang a very angry woodchuck. He started directly for Jack, and that youth, with an agility which I had never given him credit for, scrambled into the oats bin. The animal then turned his undivided attention to me, and I dashed around the barn, the woodchuck in pursuit.

Every nail in the barn seemed to stand out and take a hold upon some portion of my clothing, and it was rapidly being reduced to fragments. Jack jumped out of the bin to assist me, but only succeeded in making the confusion worse. With a jump, the woodchuck fastened his teeth on Jack's arm. Luckily he only bit through the sleeve of his loose blue flannel shirt. Thoroughly frightened, Jack grasped a rope which hung from one of the rafters, and swung himself out of reach.

At that moment I spied the open window, and in a second more I was out. Jack was hanging on the rope with a tenacious grip, and the woodchuck was trotting around trying to find an avenue of escape. I ran to the door and threw it open. A dark form whizzed past me, and Jack dropped from the rope. We had had enough woodchuck for one summer.

"What on earth hev you boys been a doin'?" inquired Farmer Brown as we entered the house.

"Been having some fun with a woodchuck," replied Jack, a little sheepishly.

Farmer Brown laughed, and remarked, as he took a second look at our torn clothes and flushed faces,

"Wa'al, I don't know, but it kinder looks as ef the woodchuck had been a-hevin' fun with you."

And when I think the matter over, I am rather inclined to be of the same opinion.

—*Harper's Young People.*

JUST ONCE.

Yes, "just once: we won't count this time. We can lay down our resolution for just this time, and pick it up again. There is a certain self-respect in feeling that you need not be bound by the tyranny of a rule. And so the rule is dropped, and sometimes it is never picked up again.

It requires a strong man to say "just once." He who has learned the lesson of self-control may incur, though not without danger, the risks that belong to the "just once" policy; but the man who has that lesson to learn had better beware of the alluring persuasiveness of this fallacy.

Its speciousness consists in the assumed probability that "just once" will suffice, and that it will be as easy to return to the regular and accepted path as it was to leave it.

But a very slight study of nature and human experience will disprove this flattering self-confidence. Mr. Joseph Jefferson has preached its dangerous consequences with more power than any one we know of. The few extraordinary people who can try all sorts of dangerous experiments with themselves, who can touch pitch and not be defiled, furnish no rules for those who are made out of ordinary material. The "just once" fallacy has wrecked many a life. There are many New Year resolutions which will go to pieces on this rock.

—*Exchange.*

AN ARGUMENT.

"But, mamma," said Minnie, looking grave but determined, "I shall have to wear this dress, because my only other white one that is clean, is too tight for anything; it hurts me so that I can hardly breathe."

"I'm sorry, daughter," the mamma said with an equally determined face, "But you surely see that such a delicate muslin as that you have on, is not suitable to wear to a lawn party. It will tear as easily as lace."

"But I've got to wear it; you see," said Minnie, with a touch of impatience in her voice. "You don't want me to wear tight clothes, you know."

"And what reason have you for wearing that broad blue sash?"

"Well, mamma, you know it is the only one that matches nicely with this dress and these stockings; and things ought to match."

"Yes, and why must the stockings be worn?"

"Oh, well," said Minnie, catching an end of the sash and twisting it, "I suppose I could wear other stockings, but I thought with my nice new slippers, these would look the prettiest, and I didn't think that you would care."

"Does it seem to you that "nice new slippers" that were bought only to wear in the house, are the proper things for lawn parties?"

"No'm; but I had to put them on. My boots have the ugliest, great nails sticking into my toes; I could hardly walk around last night; so of course I had to put on the slippers."

Very grave looked the mamma. It was a sad fact that she had never heard of the dress that was too tight, or of the nails in the high-buttoned kid boots, until this moment. Could it be possible that her little daughter was tempted by her desire to appear in fine, new clothes at the party?

"There is nothing for you to wear, my daughter. I suppose you would not like to go in your every-day clothes, and you say your other white dress is too tight and the nails in your kid boots hurt your feet. So, of course, you will have to stay at home. If I had heard of this before, I could have altered the dress and had the boots put in order; but you know you have never said anything about it before."

Then was Minnie's face very red. "I can wear them, mamma," she said, turning away. "They are not very comfortable, but I can stand it."

"No, daughter, I cannot allow you to 'stand it.' You know I do not wish you to dress so that you 'can hardly breathe,' nor wear shoes in which you 'can hardly walk around.' I see nothing for you to do but to remain at home."

Then did poor Minnie burst into a flood of tears. She poured the words out very fast. Her dress was not too tight, she did not have any trouble to breathe, and her shoes did not hurt her but just a speck, and she could wear them as well as not.

"Minnie!" said her mother, breaking into the midst of this storm of words, "then what have you been telling your mother?"

Poor little Minnie! It was a hard lesson. She went to no lawn party that afternoon; she sat on the back piazza in her dark calico dress and thick boots, and sobbed. She had grown so used to making little bits of things into great ones, when it suited her convenience to do so, that she actually did not realize that she was telling what was untrue. I know some other little people who have the same bad habit.

—*N.Y. Evangelist.*

HOW A MOUSE CARRIED HIS BURDEN.

"There are two men," said Bridges, "beside myself who are living who can attest the truth of my mouse story. We three were comrades in the Federal army during the war. One day, in the State of Kansas, while on a scout one of our men was killed in a drunken row. Having received permission late in the evening we took the corpse to a private house intending to bury it the next day. We three were sitting up with the body in a room from which a stairway ascended to the upper floor. During the wee hours we heard a strange noise as if something was moving softly on the upper steps of the stairway, and which seemed to be gradually descending. As the light was dim in the room, a minute or more elapsed before we could discern what was the cause of the noise, when we discovered three mice evidently engaged in helping each other to life or roll something down the stairway.

As they progressed a step at a time we discovered that it was a large hen's egg, which one of the mice held in a close embrace, allowing the other two to roll him like a ball from one step to the other, always managing to fall on his back, thereby protecting the egg. After reaching the floor in the room in which we were sitting, all three began to roll the egg toward an indenture in the floor, with which they seemed to have been familiar. The egg was rolled into this place evidently to steady it, while the three mice proceeded to eat it, cutting through the shell and soon emptying it. Now, if mouse sense isn't equal to horse sense, I don't know."

—*Harper's Young People.*

THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

The citadel of Cairo, which is now being strengthened and furnished with stores for a garrison of 13,000 men, in expectation of England's threatened attack, stands on a steep, rocky bluff above the city, the relative positions of the two being very much like those of the capitol and the lower town at Washington. It was the favorite residence of the famous Egyptian dictator of the last generation, Mehemet Ali Pasha, who strongly fortified it and kept a number of heavy cannon constantly pointed from its walls at the city below to overawe the disaffection which his iron rule invari-

ably produced. The walls are still in tolerable repair, and might give some trouble to a force unprovided with heavy siege artillery. Above the ramparts are visible, at a considerable distance, the tall, slender, white minarets of the Muhammedieh Mosque, built by Mehemet Ali. This is one of the principal ornaments of Cairo, its interior being decorated with a richness of coloring unmatched in the world, except, perhaps, by the Alhambra Palace at Grenada. In front of the main entrance lies a vast paved quadrangle surrounded by a low colonnade, which has acquired a tragical historical renown as the scene of the famous "massacre of the Mamelukes" by order of the Pasha. Mehemet, finding in the turbulent independence of these warlike chiefs a formidable obstacle to his cherished scheme of absolute power, invited them to a banquet in the courtyard of the citadel. They rashly accepted the treacherous courtesy, and were suddenly fired upon in the midst of their revel by a detachment of soldiers concealed in the encircling colonnade. All perished save one, the son of the principal chief, who, alone preserving his presence of mind, threw himself upon the ground, and succeeded in reaching his horse, which was tied to an adjoining pillar. Springing upon its back, he cut his way through his swarming assailants, and, finding the gate shut against him, took a flying leap from the top of the wall, a height of eighty feet. The horse was killed on the spot, but the daring Mameluke, escaping with a broken limb, crawled away and hid himself before he could be overtaken.

WORK IF YOU WOULD RISE.

Soon after the great Edmund Burke had been making one of his powerful speeches in Parliament, his brother Richard was found sitting silent in reverie; and when asked by a friend what he was thinking about, he replied: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of our family. But then I remember that when we were doing nothing or at play, he was always at work." And the force of the anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was always considered, by those who knew him best, to be superior in natural talent to his brother; yet the one rose to greatness, while the other lived and died in comparative obscurity. The lesson to all is, If you would succeed in life, be diligent; improve your time; work. "Seest thou a man," says Solomon, "diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before"—that is, shall not be ranked with—"mean men."

THE WANDERING SUNBAEM.

A little wandering sunbeam
Came sliding down the sky;
To seek another home below.
It left its home on high.
On baby Mary's head it lit—
Our gentle little one;
Her eyes grew blue as heaven's hue,
Her ringlets like the sun.

Its home it made with her: and since,
Though quiet as a mouse,
Her smile is like the day: she is
Our sunbeam in the house.

—*Harper's Young People.*

KALEIDOSCOPE.

THE ACORN.—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst, and thrown a root into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way on the mantel-shelf of a room is a very elegant and interesting object. I have seen several oak trees, and also a chestnut tree, thus growing, but all of them, however, have died after a few months, probably owing to the water not being changed sufficiently often to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it.

THE FLAMING CIMETER OVER EGYPT.—The astronomers who went to Egypt to witness the total eclipse of the sun last month described the fright of the natives when the mysterious darkness crept over the land and the sun seemed to have been extinguished in the heavens. There went up a shout of wonder and horror from the crowd collected along the banks of the Nile and around the observing station of the astronomers as the last gleam of sunlight disappeared. The excitement of the natives was increased when they saw, on the right

of the hidden sun, the form of a flaming cimeter. It was a new comet, whose existence had not been suspected before. It had been concealed in the sun's rays, and the sudden withdrawal of the light of the great luminary revealed its hiding place. Such is the constitution of the human mind that probably a thousand astronomers would be unable to convince the ignorant dwellers along the Nile that that sword-shaped comet was not an omen of the warlike events that have since taken place in Egypt.

CHILDREN AND TREE FROGS.

When I was a small boy I heard a minister say: "Children are like the little tree-frogs." I wondered what he could mean by such words as these, for I could see no resemblance between children and tree-frogs.

"It is said," remarked the minister, "that tree-frogs become the color of the bark of whatever kind of a tree they are on." And he said: "little boys and girls are like them in this way; they partake of the habits of the children with whom they keep company, if they play with bad children, they will be likely soon to form the same bad habits which they practice."

Oh, how true were his words! Even a child is known by the company he keeps. In going to school it is impossible sometimes to avoid hearing improper language, but the boy who chooses for friends and playmates the vulgar and profane will soon grow to be like them, as the tree-frog becomes like its surroundings.—*Selected.*

Pleasantries.

What is this man charged with? asked the judge. "With whiskey, yer honor," replied the sententious policeman.

They have a new brand of whiskey in Kentucky known as the "Horn of Plenty," because it will corn you copiously.

An advertiser in Texas calls for an industrious man, as a boss hand over five thousand head of sheep that can speak Spanish fluently.

Boys will be boys. At Alton, Ill., a preacher asked all Sunday-school scholars to stand up who intended to visit the wicked, soul-destroying circus. All but a lame girl stood up.

A Lexington (Ky.) youth, who went to work in the country, wrote his girl, a June graduate, that he was raising a calf. Imagine his feelings when the girl replied: "I am glad you have begun to support yourself."

A Northern man writes to us to know if there is really a Greenback Party in Texas. Why, certainly there is. We are reminded of the gentleman who asked a German neighbor if a certain man was in. "Yes, he is in; but he is not here."

Sheep-raisers in Utah are very much assisted by eagles. One man who has had two hundred lambs raised by them this season to the topmost cliffs finds, however, that familiarity with the national bird breeds contempt, and declares that though they perform the raising very neatly, he prefers the old method.

A clincher: Before the colored folks broke up their debating society this question was up for debate: "Am fire more useful than iron?" The affirmative would have gained it had not a sable member on the other side thrown this bombshell: "Ef it hadn't been for iron de white folks would er bin lickin' de niggers tel yit."—*Jasper, Ga., Times.*

Only her husband: Mrs. McCoble, an Austin lady, rebuked her colored cook, Matilda Snowball, in the following words: "When I hired you you said you didn't have any male friends, and now I find a man in the kitchen half the time."

"Lor brees your soul, he ain't no male friend of mine."

"Who is he, then?" "He am only my husband."—*Texas*

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

Action has been taken to open up a School of Theology in Adrian College, Michigan, under the patronage of the Methodist Protestant Church.

The Union Theological Seminary will erect new buildings on the west side of Fourth Avenue between Sixty-ninth and Seventieth Streets, N. Y. The buildings will cost about \$350,000. Plans were filed June 17.

It is expected that the sale of the Northwestern Presbyterian church property at Nineteenth and Master streets, to the Third Reformed church, a branch of that formerly worshipping at Tenth and Filbert streets, will be consummated this week.

In St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, Pittsfield, Mass., there is a "St. Andrew's Guild" of boys pledged most solemnly never to make use of profane or vulgar words. Is it not a good example for churches and Sunday schools to follow?

A religious congress for the purpose of discussing social and moral topics relating to church work will be held in Brooklyn on November 14, 15 and 16, in the First Baptist Church in that city. It will be conducted on the plan of the Protestant Episcopal congresses.

The Congregationalist gives the astounding fact that Mr. Walter C. Jones has given to the English Church Missionary Society for the development and use of the native churches of Japan and China \$360,000, making the late gifts of himself and son to the Lord's treasury \$650,000.

The Linden Presbyterian church, near Williamsport, Pa., had a peculiar experience with the Pine Creek Railroad. The company wanted their property; the society did not want to sell; so the matter was arranged by the company purchasing another lot, moving the church upon it, painting it outside and in, frescoing the walls and ceiling.

The Overseers of Harvard Divinity School have voted to raise the standard of admission, and hereafter no person not a college graduate will be admitted who fails to pass a satisfactory examination in Greek and Latin. It is also decided to fill the Hollis professorship of theology and establish a department of Assyriology under Prof. D. G. Lyon, who is now in Germany. Prof. Lyon is a Baptist.

The Right Rev. Dr. John Horden, Bishop of Moosonee, British America, preached in the church of the Holy Communion, N. Y., July 9. In his diocese five languages are spoken. The Indians hold sacred their religious obligations, respect their marriage vows, are quick to learn, and very patient. When the Bishop is at home he is 800 miles from a railroad and 500 miles from a steamboat landing. There are five clergymen associated with the Bishop in his work.

Abroad.

A cathedral is to be built at Spires, Bavaria, in memory of the famous Diet of 1529, which issued the "protest" whence arose the name Protestant. King Louis, though a good Catholic, gives a large donation towards it.

Native Christians, belonging to the Methodist mission, are persecuted in Bulgaria. They have been driven from their homes, and the Government offers their estates for sale. The authorities have also refused permission to open Christian schools. The priests control the rulers.

It is proposed to hold a conference of the Evangelical Alliance in Sweden. The Stockholm committee thinks that the proposed conference will do much to "remove the difficulties which now unhappily hinder the promotion of Christian love and unity in our midst." September, 1883, is suggested as the date.

An anti-disestablishment petition, with 52,000 signatures, has been sent from the Scottish Highlands to a Scotch member of Parliament. The agitation seems to be subsiding. Mr. Dick Peddie, M. P., in a recent letter, says he thinks the cause will not suffer by being postponed until the next meeting of Parliament.

Dr. Behm estimates the population of Africa at 201,787,000. The number of Jews is 350,000; Coptic, Abyssinian, and similar Christians, 4,535,000; communicants in mission churches, 122,700, representing a population of 506,966; Mohammedans, 51,170,000; heathen, 145,225,000. Sixty-four missionary societies are engaged in carrying the gospel to this mighty "dark continent."

The new French law permitting notice of intention to hold a public religious gathering, to take the place of the permission formerly required, has been in operation about six months, and it has been interpreted so liberally in Marseilles, recently, that a large open-air meeting was held without the required notification. It is regarded as a bold step and the results will be waited for with interest.

The Eighth Annual Synod of the old Catholic Church of Switzerland was held in June, in Olten, twenty-five clergymen and sixty-one laymen being present. The report of the Synodal Council stated that, notwithstanding its earnest efforts, two churches in the Bernese Jura were lost to the Church. It was stated that fifteen Roman Catholic priests had applied for reception, of whom only four could be taken.

IMPORTANT

TO

EACH LADY READER,
AND TO
EVERY MAN WHO READS
THE
MESSENGER.

THE MESSENGER has a few words to say to its readers:

In the latter part of last Summer the attention of our Advertising Department was attracted to the large advertisements of The Frank Siddalls Soap, which were appearing in a number of high-toned Religious Papers published in New York City and elsewhere.

A striking individuality about these advertisements was the fact that, not only was wonderful merit claimed for the soap, but every claim was endorsed in the strongest manner by the newspapers in which the advertisements appeared, and the high character of the Papers precluded an idea that the endorsements, strong as they were,

were given for the sake of getting the advertisements, but were undoubtedly given after the publishers had become satisfied from home and personal use, that The Frank Siddalls Soap was a tremendous advance on the part of science over the old, hard, troublesome wash-days of our wives and mothers, and that also it was an indispensable article for the Bath and Toilet, for Washing Dishes, for Scrubbing, and all Housework, House-cleaning, etc.

THE MESSENGER

advertising man accordingly determined to test this remarkable article, and also have it tried in his own home,

AND HAD IT HONESTLY TRIED,

exactly as directed, for of course a trial any other way would not be an honest trial, and the consequence was that arrangements were made with the enterprising manufacturer to use the columns of the MESSENGER for extending the sale of his Soap.

By the large amount of money spent in advertising in the MESSENGER, it has been greatly benefited, and

MANY OF ITS READERS

are now blessing the day their attention was drawn to what has proved

A GODSEND TO THEM about their housework.

AND YET FRANK SIDDALL AND THE MESSENGER

are not satisfied. There is no reason for 10,000 Families being made acquainted with the merits of this great improvement and then for the good work to stop. Every family should at once investigate for themselves what a single honest trial invariably proves to be a real benefaction.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS

have been received, and could be published if necessary, but there is really no necessity for going to so much expense in publishing testimonials when the remarkably liberal offer is made to send the Soap by mail for trial.

THE MESSENGER.

COMMON SENSE HOUSEKEEPING.

Common Sense Tells a Housekeeper

That it is not a sign of intelligence in men or women to get mad when they are told of better and easier ways of doing their work.

Common Sense tells her that a soap that is excellent for the skin of even a little infant cannot possibly hurt clothes washed with it.

Common Sense tells her that clothes will last much longer when they are not rubbed to pieces to get them clean.

Common Sense tells her that if she don't scald or boil clothes the saving in fuel will more than pay for the Soap.

Common Sense tells her that a smart person will be very glad this hot weather to hear of an easy way of washing clothes.

Common Sense tells her that a Soap endorsed by prominent Physicians and by leading Newspapers must have real and wonderful merit.

Common Sense tells her that even a person of only ordinary intelligence could not possibly have any trouble following easy sensible directions for washing clothes.

AND NOW COMMON SENSE SAYS, KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER,

And give one honest trial on your very next wash-day, and on every bit of the wash to the

FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

Just Think! No Steam to Spoil Furniture!

No Steam to Spoil Wall Paper!

No Yellow Clothes! Smooth Hands!

The Wash Done Early in the Forenoon!



Remember! Make the last water soapy, and the clothes will bleach on the line and iron easier! Always wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. After the rest of the wash is done, then wash the colored pieces and colored flannels EXACTLY the same way as the white pieces.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes—Genteel and Easy, Ladylike and Sensible—Heat the Wash Water in the Tea Kettle the very first time, no matter how odd it seems.

First.—Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water, draw it out on the washboard and soap it lightly wherever you see any dirt or soiled places.

THEN ROLL THE ARTICLE UP IN A TIGHT ROLL—just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing—and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way, and so on with each piece until they are all soaked and rolled up. Then go away for 20 minutes or longer—one hour is just the thing—AND LET THE SOAP DO ITS WORK.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out, turning each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams, but don't use any more Soap and DON'T wash through two suds.

All the dirt must be got out in the first suds. DON'T keep the Soap on the washboard or it will waste, but if a streak will not come out by easy rubbing, soap it again and let it lie while you are washing a few other pieces.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING.

Wash each piece lightly through a lukewarm rinse-water on the washboard without using any Soap, UNTIL ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE OUT. Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT COMES THE BLUE-WATER.

Use scarcely any bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER IS DECIDEDLY SOAPY; put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, and out on the line WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING AND WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

The Clothes will NOT smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn.

A small piece of Soap dissolved in the starch makes a handsome gloss, and the pieces will iron much easier.

Try It Next Wash-day!

Don't Be Put off With Anything Else!

Ask Your Grocer for it!

So satisfied is the Frank Siddalls Soap Manufacturer that THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP only wants ONE TRIAL strictly by the directions on a regular family wash, that a cake will be sent by mail, postage paid in full, on receipt of retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps, to points where dealers will not accommodate their customers. Of course only one cake must be sent for, as it is very expensive to send even one cake. It has to be put in an iron box that costs 6 cents, as the Post-Office rules will not allow Soap to be sent through the mail in pasteboard boxes, 15 cents in postage stamps will have to be put on each cake, and yet a cake will be sent for 10 cents if the person who sends,

WILL PROMISE, 1st.—That it shall be used THE FIRST WASHDAY after getting it on the whole of the regular family wash.

2d.—That every direction, even the most trifling, shall be FOLLOWED EXACTLY.

Of course only one cake will be sent, but after that is tried the dealers will then supply you, for

A Beautiful and Expensive Present is Made to the Wife of Every Grocer.

JUST THINK!

A half-dozen PLATED SILVER KNIVES and half-dozen FORKS of the best quality given to the wife of every storekeeper who sells groceries, even if her husband does not sell The Frank Siddalls Soap, the present being given to have a thorough trial made of the Soap. If your husband sells the Soap try it next washday and send your application for the present, or send for a list of some of the Grocers' wives who have received the present, so that you can see there is no humbug about it. If your husband don't sell the Soap a cake will be sent by mail, free of charge, if you send business card and make the necessary promises.

Try The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes.

See how clean, sweet and white it leaves the dishcloth, and the dishes and glasses beautifully clean.

Try It for Shaving.

The most delicate skin will not burn or smart after shaving.

Try It for Washing the Baby and the Baby Clothes.

For washing anything that wants washing, whether it is your pet dog or your pet horse, your face or your feet, or your neck when raw from sunburn. For washing sores, cuts or burns it is simply immense.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO OFFICE OF

Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 Callowhill St., Phila., Pa.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, July 31.

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers at \$2.75@3; winter extras at \$3.40@4; Pennsylvania family at \$5.25@5.50, chiefly \$5.50 for choice; Ohio and Indiana do. at \$6@6.50, chiefly \$6@6.25; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do. at \$6.25@7.5; winter patents at \$7@7.5; Minnesota baker's extra at \$5.50@6 for clears, and \$6.50@6.50 for straights, and do. patents at \$7@8, as to quality; exceptional brands at \$8.25. **Rye Flour** moved slowly at \$4 for good Pennsylvania.

WHEAT.—Sales of 500 bushels long berry amber on track at \$1.14; 6,500 bushels Delaware red track at \$1.13, with \$1.12 bid and \$1.13 asked for No. 2 red July; 75,000 bushels August at \$1.12@1.12@1.12; 5,000 bushels do. at \$1.12@1.12; 50,000 bushels and 10,000 bushels do. at \$1.12, and 10,000 bushels do. at \$1.12, which was asked at the close of the second call; 30,000 bushels September at \$1.12, closing on call at \$1.12@1.12 bid and \$1.12 asked; 500 bushels October at \$1.13@1.13; 30,000 bushels do. at \$1.12, closing at open board at \$1.13 bid and \$1.13 asked.

CORN.—Local lots were quiet and rather easier; sales of 1,800 bushels hot rejected at 7c. track; 600 bushels steamer in grain depot at 8c.; 1,800 bushels do. in Twentieth street elevator at 8c.; 2,400 bushels salt mixed track at Richmond, part to arrive, at 8c.; 600 bushels do. spot in elevator at 8c., with 8c. bid and 8c. asked for July; 81c. bid and 83c. asked at the close for August; 10,000 bushels September early at 8c.; 40,000 bushels do. later at 8c., and 5,000 bushels do. at 84c., the closing rate, with 84c. bid and 84c. asked for October.

OATS.—Sales of 1,200 bushels new upgraded, 66@6c., as to quality; 1 car No. 2 old mixed at 7c.; 3 cars No. 3 do, white at 72c@73c., and 3 cars No. 2 do. at 74@74c., with 73c. bid and 75c. asked for July; 5,000 bushels August at 50c.; and 45c. bid and 46c. asked for September, and 45c. bid and 46c. asked for October.

Rye was easier, with sales of 500 bushels new crop Jersey at 65c.

SUGARS.—Raw were dull but steady at 7c@7c. for fair to good refining muscovados. Refined were a shade firmer and in good demand, closing at 10c. for cut loaf, crushed and powdered; 9c. for granulated; 9c. for mould A, and 9c. for standard A's.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$22.50@23; shoulders in salt at 10@10c.; do. smoked, 11c@11c.; pickled shoulders, 16c@10c.; do. smoked, 12c@12c.; pickled bellies, 13c@14c.; loose butchers' lard, 12c.; prime steaks, \$1.65@1.75; city kettle do. 13c.; Beef Hams, \$2.25@23 for new; smoked Beef, 17@18c.; sweet-pickled Hams, 13@14c.; smoked do., 15c@16c.; extra India Mess Beef, \$1@32, f. o. b. city family do., \$20, and packet do. \$1.50 in barrels. City Tallow, 8c@8c. for prime in hogheads.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania and Western creamery extras at 25@26c.; good to prime, 22@24c.; do. imitation, 18@22c.; Bradford fresh, tubs, nominally 24@25c. do. firsts, 22@23@23c.; York State tubs, fresh, extras, 23@24c.; do. firsts, 21@22c.; Western extras, fresh, 21@22c.; do. good to prime, 16@18c.; do. medium, 12@14c.; factory, choice, 15@18c.; common shipping grades, 14@15c.; grease, 4@6c.; prints, choice to fancy, 30@32c.; do. frists, 25@28c.; do. seconds, 20@23c.

CHEESE.—We quote New York factory choice full cream at 11c.; do, fair to good, 11@11c.; Ohio flat, fine, 9c@10c.; do, fair to good 9@9c.; Pennsylvania part skims, 6c@7c., and do. full skims, 2@6c.

Eggs.—Sales at 2c. for near-by extras and at 18@19c. for fair to good Western, with exceptional transactions in express receipts a shade higher.

PoulTRY.—Old fowls were dull and easier under excessive supplies, with sales at 13@15c., as to quality, the outside rate for all hens; springs were quiet and steady at 15@16c., as to size and quality.

PETROLEUM.—There was more inquiry from shippers, and the market closed firmer at 6c. for refined in barrels and 9c. for do. in cases.

FEED.—Sales of 1 car fair winter wheat Bran at \$19; 2 cars prime do. do. at \$19.50, and 1 car very fancy Southern at \$21; all on track.

Live Stock Prices.

The receipts for the week were: Beesves, 3,200; Sheep, 10,000; Hogs, 3,300; previous week; Beesves, 3,900; Sheep, 10,000; Hogs, 3,100. Beef Cattle were in rather poor demand during the past week and although the receipts were 700 less than last week, prices were 10c. per lb. lower on all grades. Quotations—Extra, 8@8c.; good, 7@7c.; medium, 6@6c.; common, 4@5c.; fat cows, 4@5c. Milk cows were rather dull at \$30@35, with sales of extra graded as high as \$35.

Sheep were dull and prices 2c. per lb. lower on all grades, except stock ewes, which were scarce and wanted at 4@4c. per lb. Lambs were likewise dull and 1c. per lb. lower under heavy receipts of poor stock. Chester county calves were inactive and 10c. lower, while no Western calves were in the market. Quotations—Extra, 5@5c.; good, 4@4c.; medium, 4@4c.; common, 3@4c.; culs, 3@3c.; lambs, 4@7c.; calves, 6@8c.

Hogs were active and prices were firm. Quotations—Extra, very few, 12c.; good, 12@12c.; medium, 11c@11c.

DRESSED MEATS.—Dressed Beesves were rather dull and closed at 8@11c., the former rate for low Texans. Sales last week: Thos. Bradley, 160 head, 8c@12c.; W. H. Brown, 115 head, 8c@11c.; A. A. Boswell, 103 head, 8@12c.; C. S. Denger, 70 head, 9@11c.; J. F. Brown, 35 head, 10@11c.; H. Brown & Bro., 70 head, 8c@11c. Dressed Sheep were active. Samuel Stewart sold 70 head at 8@9c., and 62 head dressed lambs at 11c@13c.

THE USE OF AMMONIA IN BAKING POWDERS.

ITS IMPORTANCE AS A CULINARY AGENT.

[Scientific American.]

The recent discoveries in science and chemistry are fast revolutionizing our daily domestic economies. Old methods are giving way to the light of modern investigation, and the habits and methods of our fathers and mothers are stepping down and out, to be succeeded by the new ideas, with marvelous rapidity. In no department of science, however, have more rapid strides been made than in its relations to the preparation and preservation of human food. Scientists, having discovered how to traverse space, furnish heat, and beat time itself, by the application of natural forces, and to do a hundred other things promotive of the comfort and happiness of human kind, are naturally turning their attention to the development of other agencies and powers that shall add to the years during which man may enjoy the blessings set before him.

Among the recent discoveries in this direction, none is more important than the uses to which common ammonia can be properly put as a leavening agent, and which indicate that this familiar salt is hereafter to perform an active part in the preparation of our daily food.

The carbonate of ammonia is an exceedingly volatile substance. Place a small portion of it upon a knife and hold over a flame, and it will almost immediately be entirely developed into gas and pass off into the air. The gas thus formed is a simple composition of nitrogen and hydrogen. No residue is left from the ammonia. This gives it its superiority as a leavening power over soda and cream of tartar when used alone, and has induced its use as a supplement to these articles. A small quantity of ammonia in the dough is effective in producing bread that will be lighter, sweeter, and more wholesome than that risen by any other leavening agent. When it is not used upon the heat of baking the leavening gas that raises the dough is liberated. In this act it uses itself up, as it were; the ammonia is entirely diffused, leaving no trace of residuum whatever. The light, flaky, flaky appearance, so desirable in biscuits, etc., and so sought after by professional cooks, is said to be imparted to them only by the use of this agent.

The bakers and baking powder manufacturers producing the finest goods have been quick to avail themselves of this useful discovery, and the handsomest and best bread and cake are now largely risen by the aid of ammonia, combined of course with other leavening material.

Ammonia is one of the best known products of the laboratory. It, as seems to be justly claimed for it, the application of its properties to the purposes of cooking results in giving us lighter and more wholesome bread, biscuit, and cake, it will prove a boon to dyspeptic humanity, and will speedily force itself into general use in the new field to which science has assigned it.

John Wanamaker's

Plenty of readymade dresses of such sorts as are most in demand now, viz., substantial and not costly.

Also plenty of white muslin dresses below value; and a fair variety of the more costly stuff dresses.

1301 and 1303 Chestnut.

There is no danger of overstating the advantage in buying black grenadines now. There is a clear dollar a yard to be gained in most of the rich ones. Next-outer circle, south entrance to main building.

Dress-goods trade with us is now very largely upon goods below value. Checks, check-stripes, melanges, debeige, and others, are at half and two-thirds. Not all we have; we don't mean that; some of all these and other sorts. And low prices are no reflection on the goods. Whatever we buy low we sell low. Of course we lose money on goods sometimes. We are not talking about that now.

Second and third circles, southeast from center.

Cream cashmere shawls of \$5 quality, with here and there a dark thread just visible a yard off, \$3.50. India chuddas that cost five or ten times as much have such little imperfections. Imitation chuddas are made with them purposely. But, as they don't belong to cashmeres, we sell as above.

1303 Chestnut.

It is wonderful how dress-goods have dropped here. Fine-wool and silk-and-wool things at two-thirds; some even at half; the best things in the store at that. Literally true! What in all dress goods is better than a fine debeige? We have one at 50 cents that is well worth a dollar. What has proved better this season than small-check effects? Why, we have thirty sorts at two-thirds and below. What better than a fine melange? Two-thirds; and fifty to choose from. There is no exhausting them. Many counters, southeast from center.

Scotch ginghams of fine-check patterns, so fine as to look like plain colors, and even plain colors are in great favor. 25 and 30 cents. The handkerchief patterns so popular last year at 31 cents are now 15.

American ginghams that usually sell for 15 are now 10.

Next-outer circle, north from center.

Figured and dotted soft mulls very low: 50 and 75 cents instead of 75 to \$1.50.

Everything in fine muslins and Hamburg embroideries.

Third and fourth circles, City-hall square entrance.

Belgian pillow linen and sheeting, almost white; almost as white as Irish; and a dollar goes as far in them as a dollar-and-a-quarter in Irish. New have just come; and it is a good time to emphasize the advantage we always give in such ways. Indeed we consult your interest more than any other way by drawing from each country its best, and by rejecting whatever we can get better from another source.

Indeed we consult your interest more than any other way by drawing from each country its best, and by rejecting whatever we can get better from another source.

Honeycomb and dimity bed-spreads, \$1.10 to \$1.45. Fine-wool blankets as large and light as you like, \$5 to \$11.

Colored skirts down; poplin, stripes, chambrey, etc. The very best, except seersucker, are \$1.; seersucker not much more.

One of the busiest corners in the store is that of muslin underwear. We are being rewarded for our patient pursuit of good quality in it.

West of south entrance to main building.

JOHN WANAMAKER

General Store; Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets and City-hall square, Philadelphia.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

The BEST COMPOUND

EVER INVENTED FOR

WASHING CLOTHING,

and everything else, in Hard or Soft Water, without danger to fabric or hands.

Saves Labor, Time, and Soap, amazingly, and is of great value to housekeepers.

Sold by all Grocers—but see that vile Counterfeits are not urged upon you. **PEARLINE** is the only safe article, and always bears the name of JAMES PYLE, New York.



If the Stomach is Wrong all is Wrong

TARRANT'S SELTZER APÉRIENT, while acting as a corrective upon that organ, gently expels all morbid matter from the alimentary canal, and imparts a healthful activity to the sluggish liver.

FOR SALE BY THE WHOLE DRUG TRADE.

Second and third circles, southeast from center.

RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS



THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD IN THE WORLD FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

THE BEST DIET FOR INVALIDS AND OLD PEOPLE

FOUR SIZES .35 .65 1.25 1.75

Woolrich 6c. PER EVERY LABEL.

THE V. I. F. SERIES

became a household word with the issue of

the 1st Volume.

"THE PARENTS' NAME" The 4th Volume, "MY GIRLS" now ready, is just the book for the times.

Our Reader says "It is equal to the 'Four Girls at Chautauqua'."

BOSTON: D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers.

ALLEGTON FEMALE COLLEGE

Under auspices of Reformed Church. Designed for the literary and religious education of Ladies. Best facilities for Music, Drawing, Painting, and Modern Languages. Location healthful. Terms moderate. Fifteenth year will begin Sept. 4. For Catalogue, address Rev. W. R. Hofford, A. M., Pres., Allentown, Pa.

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"RICHARDSON"

If you wish to get the only true "Richardson"—and there is only one—be particular to order by the whole title.

Richardson's New Method

FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE.

BY NATHAN C. RICHARDSON.

PRICE \$2.25.

AMERICAN & FOREIGN FINGERING.

It is the most wonderfully successful instruction book ever published.

OVER 300,000 COPIES

have been sold, and still its popularity does not wane. With its perfect and progressive system and thoroughly practical course of musical study, it stands without a peer, as the

most perfect of Music Books, absolutely without errors, and a universal favorite.

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Established 1785.

Catalogues furnished.

NO. 3 Pulpit Suit</p